THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1831, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 64. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1884. $2.40 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 12.

SOME DAY OF DAYS.

Some day, some day of days, threading the street
With idle, heedless pace,
Unlooking for each grace,
I shall behold your face!
Some day, some day of days, thus may we meet.

Perchance the sun may shine from skies of May,
Or winter's icy chill
Touch whitely vale or hill:
What matter? I shall thrill
Through every vein with summer on that day.

Once more life's perfect youth will all come back,
And for a moment there
I shall stand fresh and fair
And drop the garment, care;
Once more my perfect youth shall nothing lack.

I shut my eyes now, thinking how 'twill be,
How, face to face, each soul
Will slip its long control,
Forget the dismal dole
Of dreary fate's dark, separating sea:

And glance to glance and hand to hand in greeting,
The past, with all its fears,
Its silence and its tears,
Its lonely, yearning years,
Shall vanish in the moment of that meeting.

A FATAL DOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE," "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "WE KISSED AGAIN," "ROBIN," "BUNCHIE," ETC.

CHAPTER X.—(CONTINUED.)

A HORSEMAN in splashed hunting-garments was riding rapidly up to the house, urging his wearied horse to its utmost speed, and, as he came nearer, Dolly recognized Lloyd Milner, his face very pale and anxious.

"Something has happened," the young girl thought, a sudden strange calm coming over her as she went quickly to the door and opened it, just as Milner swung himself from the saddle, threw the bridle to a servant who had come round at sound of the horse's hoofs, and met her on the threshold as he entered, splashed, and breathless from the haste with which he had ridden.

"Dolly?" he exclaimed, as his eyes fell upon the graceful little figure and frightened blue eyes, uttering her name for the first time aloud and involuntarily putting out his hand and taking hers in his anxiety to soothe and comfort her.

"What has happened?" she said quickly, looking up at him and seeing how pale he was. "Sidney?"

"Where is she?" he asked hastily, still holding the little trembling hands, and looking at her with a tenderness which thrilled her even in her anxiety.

"Is she not with you?" Dolly asked, the frightened look deepening in the fair young face.

"Is she not here?" he replied, answering her question by another.

"No; she is out. I thought you had come to tell me that——"

In the sudden revulsion of feeling she began to tremble so exceedingly that Milner put his arm round her to support her, and a great fear struck him that something else had happened to distress her besides this accident of which he had to tell her.

"What is it, Dolly?" he whispered gently. "Has anything happened to Mrs. Daunt?"

"No, no!" the girl said eagerly, trying to recover herself. "It was awfully stupid of me; but, when I saw you riding up alone in haste, I thought that she had met with an accident, and that you had come——"

She paused, trying to laugh, and hurriedly putting her hands to her eyes for a moment.

"She is out then?" he said, relieved that he was spared the necessity of telling Sidney of her husband's accident. "It is just as well perhaps."

"Why is it as well?" Dolly asked wonderingly. "I am anxious about her. It is damp and cold, and she has been out for—— Mr. Milner, something is wrong!" she said suddenly. "Tell me. I could think only of Sidney; but—but——"

Her voice faltered and broke. Lloyd Milner's strong arm closed round her yet more tenderly.

"Dolly, can you be very brave?" he asked gently.

"Yes," she said steadily. "You need not be afraid—I know—you need not tell me. Stephen has been thrown!"

"Yes."

"And—and he is killed?"

"No, no!" cried Milner hastily. "He is not even, I believe, seriously hurt. On my honor, Dolly, you may believe me!" he assured he, angry with himself for having so alarmed her, yet almost willing to bless any chance which allowed him to put his arm round the slender drooping form. "He is hurt—not seriously—indeed I hope only slightly; but they are bringing him home, and I want you to see that all is ready for him. We have sent for Doctor Arnold. The Earl rode off for him at once."

"They are bringing him here," she echoed faintly. "He could not ride then?"

"My dear little girl, he was faint and giddy from his fall," he answered earnestly. "Indeed you may believe me, Dolly. Don't you trust me, dear?"

"Yes, yes," she answered hastily, then uttered a little cry of joy and sprang forward into her father's arms.

One of the gentlemen had ridden over to Lambswold to prevent any garbled account of Stephen's accident from reaching his father and mother, and Mr. Daunt, who had just driven home from Ashford, had immediately proceeded to Easthorpe.

His presence was a great comfort to Dolly who struggled against her tears, cheered by his composure and strong gentle manner, so like his son's, and she was able to issue her directions with something like calmness. Just as she was turning away to see that they were properly carried out, a thought struck her.

"Does Sidney know, papa?" she asked quickly.

"Have you told her?" he said, looking a little surprised.

"How could I? Is she not at Lambswold?"

"At Lambswold? No; we have not seen her to-day. Good Heaven, Dolly, what is the matter?"

Dolly's explanation was almost an incoherent one, made between sobs that she could not repress; and, although Mr. Daunt strongly repudiated the notion of any accident, he blamed Sidney's imprudence greatly, and looked even graver and more anxious than he had looked before.

"Stephen must not be alarmed," he said impressively—"mind that Dolly, and be very careful. Meanwhile let one or two of the men go and meet Sidney in whatever direction she is most likely to have gone, not to let her be needlessly alarmed. Ah, here they are!" he added hurriedly, as the sound of carriage-wheels was heard and a servant threw open the hall door. "And I hear Arnold's voice, thank Heaven!"

Dolly ever retained but a very confused recollection of what passed during the next few minutes.

She was dimly conscious of Stephen coming into the hall without assistance, looking very pale, but smiling at her as he sank heavily into the first chair—of Doctor Arnold's voice speaking in his usual tone, and thereby greatly contributing to restore the composure of the frightened servants—of some one bringing wine—of Lloyd Milner being very kind and cheery and useful—of her brother's dark languid eyes going slowly round the pretty oak-panelled hall, as if he were looking for some one, and of her father telling him that Sidney was out driving, of Stephen saying languidly that he was glad, and that they were not to frighten her.

And then Stephen was assisted to his room, and Dolly was at liberty to let her tears find vent.

She threw herself face downwards upon a couch in the drawing-room and sobbed bitterly in this the first real anxiety she had known.

Lloyd Milner, coming softly into the fire-lit, flower-scented room, nearly an hour later, saw her there and hesitated to disturb her.

Dolly had heard his step, and sat up hastily, pushing away her hair from the troubled tear-stained little face, which looked so pathetic and yet so bewitching with the tumbled golden hair falling around it that Lloyd could hardly restrain an insane desire to take her in his arms and kiss away the tears in her bright blue eyes.

"How is he?" she asked eagerly. "What does Doctor Arnold say?"

"He is doing very well," the young man answered cheerfully. "He is not much hurt. There is not the smallest cause for anxiety, the Doctor says, unless anything very unforeseen happens."

"Oh, thank Heaven!" Dolly murmured with all her grateful heart.

"Has Mrs Daunt returned?" he asked, after a pause, breaking a little embarrassed silence which had fallen between them, during which he had been standing absorbed by her sofa, half jealous of her passionate love for her brother.

Dolly started up nervously.

"I do not know," she said in some distress. "I have not heard—indeed I had forgotten. I will inquire at once."

"I am afraid she cannot have returned," he remarked doubtfully. "You would have seen her; she would have come."

Dolly did not heed; she hurried out of the drawing-room, and the young man followed her into the hall, where a stolid footman assured her that Mrs. Daunt had not come in.

"Are you sure, are you sure?" Dolly repeated anxiously, unable to conceal her distress, and turning away to hide her tears before the man could again repeat his former assertion, leaving Lloyd to pursue the inquiry with an equally unsatisfactory result.

Mrs. Daunt had not returned, and, of the two grooms who had been sent to make inquiries and prepare her for the tidings of her husband's accident, one had returned unsuccessful, and had gone out again on the same errand.

"It is very strange," the young man said musingly, as he walked across the hall, and pulling aside the heavy curtain, looked out into the autumn evening.

The gray dusk had gathered thickly, early as it yet was, and it was impossible to see far into the grounds; but there was no sound of approaching wheels; and he himself began to share Dolly's anxiety, which had now risen to a terrible pitch.

"She is killed, she is killed!" the girl moaned, as she came to his side, leaning heavily against the window-frame as she stood there; and Lloyd hastened to reassure her.

"You foolish child!" he said earnestly. "How can you imagine such absurd things? What is to hurt her? If she had met with any accident, we should have heard it by this time; and it is just as well that she is away now and will be spared the shock which you must have borne so bravely. It will be far less alarming to see him come in as you did. If you will give me some tea, I will go out and meet your sister, so that she may not be startled by any untrue account of the accident."

Although he had eaten nothing since breakfast, Lloyd Milner did not really want any tea; but he saw that the young girl was weak and faint from anxiety and in need of some restorative; besides, to order tea at this time, when it was usual to have it, seemed to him a far more matter-of-fact proceeding and one more likely to reassure her than if he had suggested wine or some other restorative.

Mr. Daunt was with his son, and Doctor Arnold was also with his patient; so Dolly and the young barrister had tea tete-a-tete in the pretty oak-panelled hall, where Dolly had ordered it to be served, with a childish feeling that they would hear and see Sidney return sooner there than in the drawing-room.

Lloyd drank his tea leisurely, notwithstanding his secret anxiety, and brought more than one smile to Dolly's sorrowful little lips by his quaint remarks; his quiet cheerfulness and apparent unconsciousness of her trouble did more to reassure her than any amount of consolation and comfort would have done; and he had the satisfaction of seeing her look far less anxious when he set down his tea-cup and prepared to start.

"I think I had better walk," he said quietly. "I don't suppose I shall have to go very far; and I am a good walker. Good-bye for the present, Miss Daunt."

"'Miss Daunt!'" the girl repeated, with a little reproachful glance. "It was 'Dolly' a minute ago?"

"I beg your pardon," he said gravely, but with a smile. "That was a great liberty, was it not?"

"A liberty!"

The reproachful look in her innocent blue eyes deepened.

Lloyd Milner's heart beat faster under his splashed hunting-coat; but with a strong effort he restrained the eager words which rose to his lips.

What right had he a struggling barrister to speak love to the only daughter of John Daunt?

"May I compromise the matter, and call you Miss Dolly?" he said lightly. "Thanks for the permission, and au revoir."

"You will be very tired," Dolly murmured, following him to the door.

"Not at all," he answered cheerfully, lifting his hunting-cap to her as he strode away quickly in the gray drizzling dusk of the October evening.

But, once out of sight of the lovely tender eyes which had such power to make his heart throb fast, Lloyd Milner felt a strong feeling of resentment against Sidney Daunt for thus adding to the trouble and anxiety they were all enduring just then—an unjust resentment, and he felt it to be so; but he felt angered and vexed nevertheless.

Moreover, the uncomfortable feeling of distrust of his friend's beautiful young wife was returning.

It had been forgotten in the excitement of the hunting-field, and in the subsequent anxiety; but now it returned with redoubled force.

Even before he had witnessed her agitation at breakfast when he had mentioned the sounds he had overheard, the rendezvous he had seen in the moonlit grounds, he had connected Sidney with his nocturnal experience.

It was true he had tried to laugh away his notion, but it had haunted him.

He had not seen the face of the woman in the grounds; but something in the perfect grace of movement had reminded him of Sidney.

And yet it was impossible that a young woman gently born and bred, and but three months wed, should have a meeting at midnight in the grounds of the beautiful house of which her husband had made her mistress.

It was impossible, and yet——

As he passed out of the avenue into the high-road, the drizzling rain was falling thick and fast, and he stood still for a few moments, hesitating which way to take.

The prospect of a tramp down the muddy road in the closely-falling, wetting rain was not a very inviting one.

As he stood, he heard a horse's footsteps coming towards him, and as the rider drew nearer, he saw that it was one of the men sent to look for Sidney.

"Well?" he said impatiently, as the man pulled up.

"I have not seen my mistress, sir," was the reply. "I was told that she drove into Ashford this morning; but I have not been able to obtain any further information."

"It is very strange!" Lloyd said thoughtfully.

"I was thinking that I would ride to Everleigh, sir. My mistress often calls on Mrs. Grant, and she may be there."

"Do so," answered Milner; and, as the man rode away and was lost to sight in the gray mist, Milner strode off down the high-road.

He had gone about a couple of hundred yards when he came to a part where the road branched off into two ways, one to the right, the other to the left.

At one corner there was a finger-post; but there was not sufficient light to see the directions it gave, and, after two or three ineffectual efforts, Lloyd was obliged to give up the attempt.

As he stood still, in his uncertainty as to his next movement, his ears were saluted by the sound of wheels coming swiftly towards him, and he went forward hurriedly to meet them.

As in the dim gray light the vehicle became visible, he saw the two diminutive animals so well matched, and knew that his search was over.

Sidney was not driving quickly—the ponies seemed fagged and tired—and, in the gray light, she did not see the young man as he advanced to meet her.

"Mrs. Daunt!"

Sidney pulled up suddenly, the ponies stood still, and their mistress leaned forward in the gray dusk.

"Yes! Who is that?" she said, in a tired voice, although she attempted to speak lightly. "Mr. Milner, is it you? Have you come to grief in any way?"

"No," he answered gravely; "I am not riding now, Mrs. Daunt. I walked out to meet you."

"To meet me she echoed. What a foolish proceeding in the rain! How long have you been back? Had you a good run?"

"We have been home some time," he replied. "We have been anxious about you Mrs. Daunt."

"About me?" she said, with a slight laugh. "There was no need. I thought a little drive would do me good, so I came out."

A little drive, and she had been out since the morning!

Lloyd Milner's face grew very stern as he took his seat by her side.

"And I have quite enjoyed it, notwithstanding the rain," she continued lightly. "The ponies have behaved charmingly. Don't you think it was very brave of me to venture out alone?"

"It was very imprudent."

"Was it? Is that what caused your anxiety? Was Stephen anxious?" she added, with a sudden eagerness replacing the weariness in her voice. "But, no—of course not," she said almost immediately. "If he had been anxious, he would have come to meet me himself. I hoped to have been home earlier."

"Stephen did not know you had been out so long," Milner remarked gravely, "and he could not come to meet you."

"Why?"

The reins dropped from her hands as she turned to him in sudden anxiety, her face, pale and haggard, dimly visible in the gray light.

"Because—— There is no need for alarm Mrs. Daunt," Milner said earnestly, taking the reins and urging on the wearied ponies; "but Stephen has met with a slight accident, and we thought it better not to distress him by telling him of your prolonged absence."

"He—he is not dead?" she interrogated; and Lloyd almost started at the strange alteration in her voice—it was so hollow and faint.

"No, no—only slightly hurt."

"Drive on, for Heaven's sake!" she said in a moment, and did not utter another word during the drive home.

But as he lifted her from the vehicle, Lloyd felt that her garments were wet and dripping with moisture, and saw in the light of the hall-lamps, that her face was as the face of a dead woman in intense pallor and immobility.

CHAPTER XI.

STEPHEN DAUNT'S accident turned out far less serious than was at first feared.

The wound to his head was a trifling one, and although, he had broken his left arm in the fall, it was a simple fracture, and likely to progress rapidly.

A week later he was able to come down to the drawing-room, and, lying on a sofa in the pleasant, flower-scented, firelit room look on with languid interest at a game of chess between Dolly and Lloyd Milner, who was still a guest at Easthorpe.

It was early in the afternoon, but the silken curtains were drawn over the windows, shutting out the November fog which hung heavily over the pretty grounds.

Sidney's reading-lamp was burning on its little table, and she was sitting in a low chair, reading by its light.

There were candles burning on the chess-table, illuminating the two eager, interested faces of the players; but Stephen's couch was somewhat in the shadow, for the room was not lighted up, and the reading-lamp and candles were only as bright stars in its shadowy firelight.

Lying back on the cushions, Stephen Daunt's dark eyes wandered from the pretty eager face of his sister and the interested admiring face of her opponent to the beautiful face on which the light of the reading-lamp fell so softly, showing its loveliness and charm to the best advantage as it bent over the book Sidney was reading.

She was not wearing a tea-gown to-day, although she had not been out, one of these fantastic dainty garments being her usual home-attire in the afternoon; but she looked very beautiful.

Her dress was of black velvet, fitting closely, and made with perfect simplicity. It fell in long straight folds from her waist, and was finished off at the throat with a narrow white frill.

Perhaps it was the sombreness of her dress which made her look so very pale; but as her husband's eyes rested upon her, he noticed that her face had hardly more color than the white *lisse* at her throat, the only difference being in the shades of white, one being of a cold bluish shade, the other of a warm creamy white hue.

Had the relations between them been other than they were, Stephen might easily have accounted for her delicacy of appearance by attributing it to her anxiety at his illness; but, as things were, he could not lay such flattering unction to his soul.

He had not seen the look of anguish which Lloyd Milner had seen on her face when he told her of her husband's hurt, and he did not know how greatly she had suffered in his suffering.

Not for worlds would she, in the foolish pride which kept them apart, have allowed him to see how anxious and unhappy she was at his suffering, nor would he have let her perceive how much he longed for her sympathy and care, and what a happy time that illness and convalescence might have been had they been his.

Sidney's conduct had been irreproachable certainly; she had failed in no attention; she was always at hand to perform any little kindness or forestall any wish, however slight: but far more than all this service would Stephen Daunt have preferred a tender clasp of the little hand over his, or a soft pressure of the sweet lips to his hot throbbing brow.

In her delight at finding Sidney return home safe and sound, Dolly had quite forgotten her long absence from home, and had never thought to ask any explanation of it.

But, if she had forgotten it, Lloyd Milner had not; and, although the momentary look on her face had touched him with sudden pity and compassion for her, his suspicions were by no means set at rest.

That she was unhappy and restless and anxious to a degree which her husband's illness did not warrant he could not fail to see, cleverly as she concealed it under the languid indifference of her manner and the proud carelessness of her tone; and unconsciously the young barrister found himself watching her closely on every occasion, and analyzing her motives for every action, however slight.

Sidney herself was not quite unaware of this scrutiny, and she resented it bitterly—all the more because she was unable to show her resentment to Stephen's friend and her own guest.

Apart from it, and the distrust of him which could not fail to follow it, she liked Lloyd Milner well, and it grieved her to feel that he did not trust her, and saw so clearly what they were able to hide even from John Daunt himself, the coolness of the intercourse between them.

"Is your book a very interesting one, Sidney?" Stephen asked, breaking a long silence.

"Not very. Why?" Sidney answered, putting the book on her knee and turning towards the sofa, a faint color coming into the pale beautiful face. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Thank you—no. You looked so absorbed that I wondered what you were reading."

The faint rose-color deepened.

She could not have told him what the subject of the printed pages so long before her eyes had been: she had not read a word of them, absorbed as she had seemed.

"Would you like some music?" she asked gently, crossing the room to his side.

"Will it not disturb the players?" Stephen said, smiling.

"Oh, no!" cried Dolly eagerly. "Play something, Sidney; and, if you play one of Chopin's waltzes, it will increase my chances of winning, which are very small now."

Sidney went over to the piano.

Just as she was going to sit down a servant entered with a card upon a salver, and, approaching Sidney, said, in a lowered tone—

"The gentleman is in the library, ma'am."

"I will come at once," she said hurriedly then paused, as if hesitating.

"What it it, Sidney? A visitor?" asked her husband languidly.

"No, not a visitor—some one for me; I shall not be detained long," she answered.

Although there was not light enough in the room to let them see how the color had risen suddenly from chin to brow, something in her voice made Lloyd Milner look up with a little start and glance across at the slender black-robed figure in the shadowy room.

His face being in the light however, Sidney saw not only the quick sudden movement, but the look of suspicion which crossed it.

The hot color died out of her own as she passed out of the room, and she was very pale as she entered the library, which was lighted both by fire and gas.

A short slim man in black was standing by the fire, with his back turned to it; and, although his face was perfectly impassive, a sudden swift gleam of surprise flashed into his dark keen eyes at sight of the beautiful pale woman in her rich soft dress who entered the room and closed the door after her.

"Mr. Hopgood?" she said interrogatively glancing for a moment at the card in her hand.

"At your service, madam," was the reply, accompanied by a low bow, and a quick keen glance which made Sidney feel as if the stranger saw into the innermost depths of her heart and the secret recesses of her thoughts.

There was a brief silence.

Sidney advanced slowly and stood by the table, resting one white hand upon it, her eyes downcast, her breath coming quickly and unevenly.

This stranger was here at her request and by her wish; but now that he was here, she was almost frightened at her own daring.

The man looked at her gravely with his keen eyes, taking in all the beauty of her face, the richness of her dress, the ease with which she wore her costly attire, the jewels on her white hands, the plain gold band of her wedding-ring.

Nothing escaped those keen eyes—nothing—not even the quickened rise and fall of the closely-fitting bodice and the nervous trembling of the tender sensitive lips.

"You desired my attendance, madam," he said respectfully, at length.

"Yes—that is, I wrote to Scotland Yard for a——"

"For a detective of experience in whom you could place implicit trust," he concluded, his lips parting a little, almost as if he were going to smile at the simplicity of the wording of her note; "and I have been sent in answer to your wishes, madam, and shall be happy to serve you to the best of my ability."

"Thank you," Sidney answered shyly; then, mastering her nervousness by a strong effort, she sat down and motioned him to take a seat.

He declined, with a bow, and retained his position by the fire.

"Of course you understand that what I say to you is in strictest confidence?" she began earnestly.

He bowed.

"And that it is a very serious and important matter."

Another bow, and another slight parting of the lips, as if he had an inclination to smile, which he immediately repressed.

"It is, in fact," Sidney continued, her manner gaining earnestness as she went on, "a matter of life and death!"

Again there was a slight movement of the thin firmly-set lips, and this time it was accompanied by a gleam of swift amusement in the keen dark eyes which was equally quick to pass away.

No doubt, he thought, this beautiful girl had sent for him for some slight matter—to watch a rival's movements or a husband's—and the whole thing would turn out a storm in a tea-cup.

"Such matters are not unusual with us, madam," he said calmly.

"I suppose not," she answered, looking at him with something like curiosity mingled with awe.

"On the contrary, they are of daily occurrence," he pursued. "Will you allow me to ask one question, madam?"

"Certainly. What is it?" she said, with a flash of terror in her beautiful eyes.

"The letter received, desiring my attendance, was signed 'Sidney Daunt.'" he said, taking out a little note-book and glancing at it. "May I ask who the writer was?"

"I was the writer."

"But the name is a man's name," he said quietly.

"It is mine nevertheless," she rejoined, with some haughtiness. "I am Sidney Daunt."

He made a slight bow, and there was another short pause.

"There is one thing I wish to ask you," she said nervously. "I should like the object of your visits here to remain a perfect secret; I do not wish any member of my household to suspect who you are, or the reason for your visits here—that is, if you are obliged to repeat this one."

"You need be under no apprehension on that score," he said gravely. "I need scarcely say that we are used to secrecy."

Another slight pause.

"It is a very painful matter," Sidney began, her lips quivering a little; "and I cannot give you many particulars. Personally I—I know no more of the matter than anybody can know, except that I am assured of the innocence of one person whom others think guilty."

The man looked at her more attentively now.

"May I ask how you possess that assurance?" he said.

"By my knowledge of the character of the accused," she replied. "I know that it is impossible that he should have committed the crime of which he is thought to be guilty."

"I am afraid that very often very unlikely persons turn out to be guilty, madam," he remarked, with more interest than he had yet shown; and, drawing up a chair, he sat down, and, leaning forward, said gravely—"Will you tell me all you can, madam? My time and your own too, are not without their value; and, if you wish the members of your household to remain ignorant of my business here, it will be necessary to make my visits as short as possible."

"Yes," she said nervously. "I think it will be wiser not to come here again. I will meet you somewhere, if it is necessary that you should see me."

"One moment," he interposed suddenly. "Are you a widow?"

She drew back slightly.

"No, certainly not," she said hastily. "Why do you ask?"

"Your note desired that whoever was sent should ask for Mrs. Daunt. But pray proceed," he added, breaking off and leaning forward again, with his old appearance of attention.

"I think it is very likely that there will be no need for me to go into particulars," Sidney faltered rather nervously, raising her beautiful eyes to his with a pathetic look of entreaty. "You will know as much about it as I do myself—perhaps more—when I recall the matter to your memory; you have not forgotten."

She paused for a moment; her lips were so dry and parched that speech was almost a difficulty just then.

"You have not forgotten," she went on more firmly, "the—the—murder which took place here nearly two years ago?"

"The murder, madam?" he echoed, the interest deepening, although some surprise mingled with it at the unexpected word.

"Yes—a gentleman—Mr. Rutledge of Rutledge Hall"—her voice had sunk almost to a whisper—"who was found in his library shot dead."

There was silence for some minutes in the library.

The detective's head was leaning on his hand.

Sidney was watching him anxiously.

"I remember perfectly," he said then, lifting his head. "The body was found in the morning by the servants, a gun by its side, bearing the initials of a gentleman in the neighborhood who disappeared at the time in company with the murdered man's wife."

"Supposed to be in her company," Sidney murmured faintly.

"There was no proof that he was not."

"There was no proof that he was," she said quickly.

The detective smiled.

"Was there not?" he said coolly. "Well perhaps not; but it was a likely supposition. The lady was very much younger than her husband, I believe."

"Yes."

"And very handsome?"

"Very handsome."

"And the gentleman with whom she fled, or with whom she is supposed to have fled, had been in love with her before her marriage?"

"He admired her very much."

"But was not in love with her?"

Sidney made no answer.

"Am I to understand so?" he asked quietly.

"I am not likely to be able to judge," she answered, with some unwillingness, "because he was engaged to me at the time."

"Ah!"

Another momentary pause; then the detective leaned forward, putting his hand impressively on the table.

"Mrs. Daunt," he said gravely, "there is an old proverb which bids you tell your lawyer and your doctor the whole truth. It applies equally well in our case. Unless you tell me the whole truth and all your suspicions, I can do but little."

"I will answer any question," she murmured faintly.

"Thank you. Then do you think that Mr. Greville—that was the name—I think I am not mistaken—was in love with Mrs. Rutledge?"

He had taken out his little note-book again, had consulted it, and now sat with the pages open in his hand.

"I think so," Sidney murmured.

"Therefore her marriage was a great disappointment to him?"

"Yes."

"So great that he was not able to hide it from you, to whom he was engaged?"

"He did not try to do so. We were very old friends."

"The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of wilful murder against him. They could not do otherwise; the proofs were very strong against him."

"But he was innocent."

"And yet he ran away, and Mrs. Rutledge disappeared at the same time!" the man remarked, with a smile. "Mrs. Daunt I do not wish to distress you—on the contrary, my object is to spare you pain and suspense. Let the matter rest; it will be better for Mr. Greville and for all concerned. He has had a wonderful escape from punishment; the inquiry and search after him must have been of a very lukewarm kind, or he could have been found long ere this. The matter has sunk into oblivion now. Do you not reopen it."

"You think him guilty," she said passionately; "but I am convinced of his innocence. "Oh, sir"—she stretched out her hands with a little appealing gesture—"you do not know how gentle he was, how incapable of such a crime! He was as innocent of it as you are. I cannot give up this endeavor to prove his innocence," she added, so earnestly that tears rose in her beautiful eyes. "No one ever tried before; he had not one friend here to defend him. His father believed him guilty. I could do nothing then; and all these long months he has been hunted and in misery and concealment.

But now I am rich, I have plenty of money, and I cannot remain passive. Will you help me? Ah do not make up your mind to his guilt. Surely your experience has taught you how very often innocent people have been condemned, and that even proofs are not always to be depended upon! Do help me, sir; I am so powerless alone!"

"But your husband?" he said gently, touched by her passionate distress and the lovely appealing face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Scarlet Fever.

BY HARTLEY RICHARDS.

YES, I know," said Lottie Champney. "It's always the easiest thing in the world for girls in books to earn their bread, and build up a fortune out of nothing! But it's so different in real life."

"But then, you know," pleaded Florence the elder sister, "all true stories are based on real life."

"I'm not so sure about that," said Lottie. "However, here are you and I, two heroines so to speak.

"And now, will you have the goodness to tell me how we're to keep out of the poor-house?"

"Embroidery and fine needle-work," suggested Florence, faintly.

"The market for that sort of thing is glutted," said common-sense Lottie.

"Miss Purdy keeps a lodging-house."

"Exactly, but Miss Purdy is fifty, and knows every receipt in the cookery book by heart.

"And she had a hundred pounds capital to furnish her house with, which we haven't."

"Couldn't we write for the papers?" hazarded Florence.

"You know I had a piece of poetry published once, and you took the composition medal at Madame Almard's."

"My dear child," said Lottie, pityingly, "for every column, there are, at least, twenty trained and practiced aspirants. We have neither training nor practice, and it would end in a sheer waste of time, paper, and postage-stamps."

"Oh, well," flouted Florence, with an indignant toss of the head, "if you're going to contradict every suggestion I offer ——"

"I don't mean to contradict, Florence. I'm only speaking the sober truth!" pleaded Lottie, a pained sort of spasm passing over her face.

"Well, then, perhaps you've some more practical ideas of your own," said Florence still cross.

"Yes, I have. I was thinking of a little school for children. Miss Purdy knows of three pupils we might get—little boys, whose father has gone to Canada. Mrs. Morison says she will send Eddie and Paul—and I think, perhaps, old Mrs. Enderly would use her influence to obtain a few for us.

"There are those four roomy chambers upstairs we might furnish quite inexpensively.

"And, if we could secure over eight pupils, I have calculated that we might make a living profit at least."

Florence drew up her slight, prettily-moulded figure—her lip quivered.

"Oh, Lottie!" she wailed out, "all this drudgery, this toil, this begging and pleading, thereby to keep ourselves alive! Is life worth having on these terms?"

"Of course it is!" said Lottie, stoutly. "Life is a pretty comfortable sort of thing, let me tell you, Miss Florence.

"And, after all, when we're once under headway, it will be rather fun than otherwise. I like little boys, don't you?"

"No, I don't," said Florence, dissolving into tears.

"I hate little boys! I hate work! I hate being so poor! I almost wish I was dead!"

And Lottie—patient, cheery, much-enduring Lottie—had to set herself diligently to work to comfort Florence, and figuratively speaking, "bolster her up" to the point of fortitude required.

"It's so foolish to cry, Florry," said she. "It only makes your nose red, and does no manner of good!"

"Oh, I know!" sobbed Florence. "But you never had any nerves, nor any feeling for those that had!"

So Charlotte Champney opened her little school, with an unpretentious sign on the door, and three chubby-cheeked English lads of ten, and eight, and six summers respectively, as a beginning.

Others speedily came in, and Lottie, counting up her gains at the end of the first quarter, felt inwardly exultant.

"All our expenses paid and two pounds over!" cried she. "I knew we should succeed!"

"Two pounds," scornfully repeated Florence. "A pretty sort of success that is! Why, I used to give that for a pair of boots when poor, dear papa was alive!"

"Things are quite different now," said Lottie. "And, you must remember, this is only our first experiment."

"But you needn't think I mean to drudge on like this forever!" said Florence.

"How are you going to help yourself?" said Lottie, laughing; and Florence only answered by a smiling, complacent look towards the glass.

"I don't wish to appear vain," said she, demurely, "but Miss Purdy thinks that handsome widower at her house is decidedly taken with me."

"What, Colonel Medway?"

"Yes, Colonel Medway."

Lottie Champney's heart gave a quick throb.

"Was it possible," she asked herself, "that she was selfish and idiotic enough to be jealous, and of her own pet sister, too?"

Colonel Medway had never been more than ordinarily civil to her.

What was she, a poor little plain-faced school teacher, that she should dare to cast her aspiring eyes towards him?

Thus chiding herself, she summoned a sort of spasmodic smile to her lips.

"But you don't like children, dear; and Miss Purdy says he has a family."

"I'll send 'em to your school," said Florence, saucily, "and get rid of 'em in that way.

"He's rich, Lottie, and he's handsome; and the long and the short of it is that I mean to be Mrs. Colonel Medway."

"But, Florence, darling," pleaded Lottie "do you—do you love him?"

"Love!" echoed Florence, with a gay toss of her flax-gold hair, "that isn't a part of the bargain nowadays, by any means!"

And off she tripped, singing a little strain as she went.

While Lottie sat down to commune with herself and question her shrinking heart.

"I must not go so often to Miss Purdy's," she told herself.

"It's very kind of her to send for me, but I must fashion some excuse. I daresay Colonel Medway will not miss me if Florence is there!"

And she cried a little, quietly, to herself.

Her life was not so full of delight, poor thing, that she could afford to miss one illusion out of it.

Then she went downstairs to play checkers with the youngest child, little Hugh Elton, who was weak, and not allowed to play out in the street with his brothers.

* * * * * * *

"Yes," said Florence Champney, "I've come to stay, dear Miss Purdy, that is, if you'll have me."

And she lifted her dove-like blue eyes to the wrinkled countenance of the old lady with the prettiest air of appeal in the world.

"To stay!" echoed Miss Purdy. "Bless me, child, what's the matter?"

"It's scarlet fever," said Florence, plaintively. "Those three horrid, little, snub-nosed Elton boys!

"And Lottie is so obstinate. She won't pack 'em off home, but has sent home the other boys, and means to stay and nurse 'em through herself."

"How very absurd!" said Colonel Medway, who, with a startled air, had risen to his feet at her words.

"Yes, isn't it?" chimed in Florence. "She says she loves 'em, because they are so little and so helpless—the idea, you know—and she says they are motherless, and entrusted to her care, and all that sort of thing.

"Of course I told her I shouldn't stay in infection and make a fool of myself because she did. What are the Elton boys to us?"

"Nothing at all to you," said Colonel Medway, quietly, "but a good deal to me. They are my sons."

"Colonel Medway!"

"My sons—although, on account of the conditions of a family inheritance, they bear their mother's maiden name. And I can but honor the noble spirit of self-sacrifice and tenderness which your sister, Miss Champney, has shown towards them. I should have been with them before but for business reasons, and this is the first tidings I have received as to their illness."

Florence Champney looked after him in bewilderment as he left the room.

"What does he mean, Miss Purdy?" she cried out. "Did you know this?"

"Of course I knew it," said Miss Purdy, wiping her glasses. "But the Colonel didn't want you two young ladies to know that he was any relative, nor he didn't want the little lads to be aware he was so near, lest it should turn their heads from their studies.

"And, latterly, since he has begun to fancy you two young ladies a little, he was still more unwilling that you should know, because—I rather think, my dear—he wanted to know what sort of a stepmother you would make. So you see I couldn't tell you."

Florence began to cry.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," she sobbed, in her pretty, helpless way, "it's always my luck.

"If I had only known. And, I do think Miss Purdy, you might have been good-natured enough to give me a hint of the true state of affairs."

"Don't cry, dear," said Miss Purdy, who really liked and pitied the poor little sobbing beauty.

"He would never, never have forgiven me, if I had told you.

"And, besides, these things are all ordered by Fate."

That was all the consolation Florence Champney had.

The three little Eltons tided quite comfortably through the fever, considering, as the old nurses say—and when they were well enough to make the house noisy again there was a wedding, and patient, sweet-voiced Lottie, whom they had learned to love so dearly, became their mother.

"But I always thought, Hugh," said Mrs. Medway, "that you liked Florence the best until——"

And she smiled and colored and blushed, and looked infinitely lovely.

"I might have married her," said the Colonel, meditatively, "if it hadn't been for the scarlet fever!"

Deceived.

BY F. L. B.

SO you are determined to have him, are you? What you can see in him to like is more than I can tell."

"Please don't say any more, father; you are angry now."

"Angry! Who wouldn't be, to have a girl like you throw herself away on such a miserable little puppy."

"Father!" came from the girl, in a grieved tone. "I will never marry without your consent—but I love Joan.

"Is my happiness no consideration to you? Are children senseless blocks of flesh, that can be made to love where parents will?"

"No, no child. Marry him, if you must—if you feel it essential to your happiness, but remember your father's warning."

"God bless you, best and kindest of fathers."

Throwing her arms around his neck, Alice kissed him hastily, and left the room.

"I've been an old fool to consent, but I never could deny the child anything, she is so like her dear mother.

"Had she lived, my girl would have been so headstrong."

* * * * * *

Three months have elapsed, and at Mr. Grayson's house guests are assembled.

Only a moment of waiting, and the pretty little bride appeared, leaning on her lover's arm.

This, her nineteenth birthday, found her as yet a very child.

He, too, was young, not over twenty-two or twenty-three years.

But there was already a hard look in the face, a gleam in the coldly handsome blue eye, that argued poorly for the fair one's happiness.

Now the broad golden fetter had been slipped upon the slender finger.

"Man and wife," said the pastor, very solemnly.

* * * * * *

Only two years had passed, but all the bright, happy, girlish look had died out of Alice Harley's face.

"It isn't possible, then, for people to be happy in this world, is it?" she asked herself, drearily. "In what, then, have I failed?"

Ah!

Little woman, your only faults were in loving foolishly, and choosing hastily, and for them you have already more than atoned.

Is it not a terrible thing, this awakening to find our idols clay?

It had been a slow process in this loving heart, but none the less there, though even then denied to her own self.

Yet she was not utterly desolate, for one little blossom, a bright and lovely babyboy had come to creep into the empty crevices of her heart, and take firm root there.

She called him Theodore.

"Father," wrote Alice, some little time after, "you will see us very soon. We are coming home for a little rest."

Two weeks later, Mr. Grayson might have been seen pacing eagerly up and down the station.

The train came at last.

His quick eye caught sight of a slender figure and a sad, thin face, which, changed as they were, could belong to no one but his Alice.

Taking the sleeping child from her arms, he conducted her very tenderly to a carriage.

Arriving at the house made dreary by her loss, he said—

"Go and lie down awhile, my child. You are worn out."

It was many weeks before she rose from the couch of pain, for brain fever claimed her for its victim.

And it was many more weeks before she could bring herself to disclose even to that loving, true heart the wretched misery that had been her portion.

Then, in turn, the father told of the baseness of this man towards her he had sworn to cherish.

For Mr. Grayson had not been idle during all these weeks, but had had friends employed to search out the truth for him.

"You shall never live with him again," said the father.

And this time Alice was willing to be guided by him.

For more than two years had she tried to reclaim the man, and signally failed.

Who could blame her if she gave up the task in despair, and in soul-weariness?

The brilliant promise of her life was wrecked and, still young in years, she must live out her allotted days, with an aching, hungry heart.

SIBERIAN MARRIAGES.—The following is described as a custom prevailing among the exiles in Siberia: If a man wishes to get married he applies to the Governor, who forthwith selects one of the female prisoners, with whom the candidate for holy matrimony is expected to "keep company" for two or three days. If at the conclusion of this term the male party declares to the Governor that the lady selected is not to his mind the receives twenty-five blows with a stick, and another bride is chosen for him—and so on. The same course is adoped with the female prisoners who are in search of husbands. These matches are termed "official marriages" or the "Governor's marriages," and are not followed by any religious ceremony.

Bric-a-Brac.

HEARING.—The organ of hearing is generally double, but not always located in the head. In the clam it is found at the base of the foot; some grasshoppers have it in the fore legs, and in many insects it is on the wing. Lobsters and crabs have the auditory sacs at the base of the antennæ.

VESTRIS AND BOURBON.—It is well known that the elder Vestris called himself the King of Dance. He once scolded his son for refusing to dance on an off-night, although the Queen of France went to the Opera purposely to see him, by saying, "Go, my son, and dance your very best. A coolness shall never be allowed to exist between the house of Vestris and the house of Bourbon."

DOING DOUBLE DUTY.—Sheridan's solicitor, calling one day, found the wit's wife alone, and walking about in a state of violent excitement. He asked her what was the matter. Her only reply was that "her husband was a villain." After a time she added, with some hesitation, "Why, I have discovered that all the love letters he sent me were the very same as he sent to his first wife."

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.—A wife is a gift bestowed upon a man to reconcile him to the loss of Paradise. He that marries a wife and he that goes to war must necessarily submit to everything that will happen. A bad wife is shackles to a man's feet, a palsy to his hands, a burden on his shoulders, smoke to his eyes, vinegar to his teeth, a thorn to his side, and a dagger to his heart. A married man has many cares, but a bachelor no pleasures.

A SUN GUN.—In the Palais Royal Gardens, Paris, there may be seen an interesting cannon, which attracts a great deal of attention on fair days. It is a small cannon of old-fashioned pattern, which is fired at noon by the means of a sun-glass so placed as to concentrate the rays of the sun upon the "priming" powder, and which goes off exactly at twelve o'clock. As this solar cannon dates at least from the reign of Louis XV. it can hardly be considered a new-fangled invention.

MOVING SANDS.—Describing the sand-dunes or moving sands of Central Asia, a writer estimates their annual progress to be at the rate of fifty feet. As they advance they bury towns, villages and vegetation inexorably, leaving only a sand waste behind, incapable of supporting even the hardiest plant. It has been discovered in Tartary, as in Gascony, that the planting of rows of trees is the only defense against this foer, and of late years many a Tartar town has been saved from destruction in this way.

TRADESMEN IN PARIS.—The ingenuity of Paris tradesmen has reached the scientific stage. A late notice reads: "Tea and coffee contain tannic acid, the essential part of oak and hemlock; milk contains albumen and fibrin in the same manner as flesh and skin. Add milk to coffee and a turbidity ensues of which each particle is a tannate of fibrin, i. e., an atom of leather. In a lifetime a man thus consumes a hundred pair of boots, but no man could thus consume the elegant and scientific footwear only to be found at 5 Rue de Rein."

QUESTIONING.—To be closely questioned is not always agreeable, and questioning is not always polite; consequently there is an etiquette about questioning: an inferior may not interrogate his superior. "I hope you are well," is more respectful than, "How do you do?" Every one knows the answer given to Pope (who was deformed) when he rudely asked, "And pray what is a note of interrogation?" namely, "A little crooked thing that asks questions." Voltaire stopped a great questioner before he could begin, with "Monsieur, I have the honor to inform you that I don't know a syllable about any of the things you are going to ask me."

INDIA.—Few people are aware of the magnitude of India, or comprehend that it contains some 50,000,000 more people than all Europe west of the Vistula. Fewer still know that it contains sixty-two cities with a population of more than 100,000 inhabitants. Below the limits of 50,000 the towns become much more numerous and there are hundreds with a population above 20,000. The majority of the latter are quite unknown to Europeans, an active magistrate or two excepted; and there is no book in English which gives the slightest account of their organization or of the life and people in them. Yet many of them have histories of 2,000 years, and in all flourish families, which calls themselves noble, and have long pedigrees and stirring tales to narrate.

THE WREN.—A legend exists on the Isle of Man to the effect that a fairy who exerted a baleful influence over the island was pursued by a knight, and only escaped in a moment of extreme danger by assuming the appearance of a wren. In consequence of this, on the specific anniversary, the islanders devoted their energies to the extirpation of the fairy, and the wrens were pursued, pelted and fired at without mercy. Their feathers were preserved with great care, there being a superstitious belief that they possessed the peculiar charm of preserving against drowning or from death by shipwreck. Any fisherman going to sea without such a safeguard was looked upon as exceedingly foolhardy. Every year, after Christmas Day, boys go about the Isle of Man carrying a wren in a cage, suspended upon a pole, and they pluck out her feathers and present one to any liberally minded person who pays them for their song.

MY OVE ANLD I.

We loved each other, my love and I,
And the wind sighed low thro' the tasseled corn;
The bobolink sank in the dewy morn,
And the brook ran merrily by.

We loved each other, my love and I,
And the quail piped low' mid the yellow corn;
We heard in the distance the huntsman's horn,
And the leaves were brown and dry.

We looked to the future, my love and I;
The future so crowded with hopes and fears,
That turns our smiles so often to tears,
As the days pass wearily by.

He spoke of the time when we two should dwell
Together beneath fair southern skies,
Where the rose in its fragrancy never dies,
And love hears no parting knell.

The corn was garnered long years ago,
The bobolink's song is heard no more!
Only a shadow falls through the door
Where he used to come and go.

The sea is wide, and it lies between
My love and I, my love and I;
Where the flowers bloomed dead leaves now lie,
And the grass o'er his grave is green.

A Woman's Whim.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LIGHT, LIGHT LOVE," "BERTIE," "THE DEAN'S GRANDDAUGHTERS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

SUCH a cheerless wintry October day! The sleet as it falls seems to bring down with itself all the darkness of the leaden sky, and when it touches earth disappears in a damp gray mist.

A keen cold wind is rushing through the branches of the dripping trees.

All the country round North Barham is wild and picturesque.

In summer it is beautiful with a glorious untamed beauty that artists rave about, yet seldom attempt to copy; but just now it is looking sad as well.

All the leaves have fallen, and there are no softening shadows thrown upon the wide bare roads and steep hills.

The trees stand out darkly defined against the colorless sky, the ground is brown and sodden, the grass is withering in places, and has wholly lost its fresh green hue.

But to one at least the dreary scene to-day seems like a Paradise that is doubly fair because it may so soon be lost.

In the Manor House—Manor Seton, as it is more usually called, after the family whose last descendant, a daughter, had merged her ancient name into the newer one of Espinasse—a girl is sitting with her head resting upon her hands, looking blankly before her as she tries to realize the extent of the misfortune that is threatening. She is not alone.

A gentleman in black is hovering beside her chair, like a bird of ill-omen; and, even if his appearance did not betray his legal calling, the bulky parchment document that lies upon the table before them might tell the nature of her trouble.

Only six months ago her father died without a will.

This at the time had caused her no dismay.

Her sorrow at his loss had been too genuine for any thought of self-interest to enter in, and even her friends had felt no misgivings on her behalf.

Her only brother had been shooting for the last year in Africa. When he returned, he would doubtless do all that was generous and right.

Father and son had so combined to spoil her that it seems an irony of fate she should find herself in such a plight.

"Let me understand," she says at last, in an awestruck voice. "Is it that you think my brother may be dead?"

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculates the gentleman devoutly. "But we professional men are obliged to look at possibilities as well as probabilities.

"The facts are these. Mr. Espinasse is now in Africa, it is supposed, pursuing a dangerous pastime, and you have had no news of him for three months. I think you said?"

"It is nearly four."

"Then am I not justified in warning you to fear the worst, while at the same time I wish that you should hope the best?"

"And if," she begins tremulously.

"If he too has died without a will, the estate, being, as I have shown you, strictly entailed, passes to the next heir, a gentleman you have never met or heard of, whose name is not the same, and who six months ago had, it seemed, not the slightest chance of succeeding to it."

Miss Espinasse glances towards the window, and the bleak outlook, reminding her as it does of so many sunny days, nearly causes her to break down.

She controls herself with an effort, and her quietude is taken for indifference by the old lawyer, whose experience lies more among legal problems than the equally-bewildering labyrinths of women's moods. Relieved from his dread of a scene, he becomes didactic, and states his opinion on the subject with more candor than he had primarily intended.

"As yet," he continues, "I have not the honor of this gentleman's acquaintance; but it is well to be ready to meet any emergency.

"General Espinasse dying as he did without a will makes you entirely dependent on your brother's bounty—a bounty in which you can have perfect confidence of course. But should he not return from this expedition which has been so unfortunately timed, you will be very differently situated.

"You will be literally qualified to enter the county pauper asylum without the chance of one dissentient vote!"

He chuckles cheerfully at his own wit, and the half-hysterical laugh that breaks from the girl's white lips encourages him to proceed.

"Such is life! Up to-day and down again to-morrow. What wonderful changes I have seen, to be sure! Your own case is not the least singular and sad.

"Why, only a few months ago you were looked upon as the richest heiress in the county, and now——"

"Will you tell me exactly what you wish me to understand—what it is best that I should do?" the girl breaks in sharply.

"I am coming to that directly. I wish first to explain that, should this large property go, in these circumstances, to the next heir, he could—by law—claim every farthing that you have spent, or will spend during the time that elapses between your brother's death and his succession.

"You have, in fact, no right to lay out any money beyond that which is actually required to keep the place in decent order and repair."

Faire Espinasse remains silent, only turning away her head so that he may not see how the tears are gathering slowly in her eyes.

She is too proud to let him know all the suffering that his words have caused, the absolute pain it is to hear him speak in that hard unsympathizing voice of what would be to her the greatest sorrow, not the loss of her fortune—that only affects her inasmuch that it might hurt her pride—but of the possible death of the dearest, kindest brother in the world.

"It is unfortunate," the lawyer goes on musingly, "that Africa should be so very far away.

"Mr. Espinasse went into the interior, I hear, and might be for months out of the way of postal communication.

"For the same reason, in case of his decease, it might be very long before the fact could be legally proved.

"It is because of this I have considered it my duty to advise you to run into unnecessary expense, which would involve endless trouble and litigation."

He stops for commendation of his disinterestedness, but, to his surprise, receives no reply.

Unable to longer bear the strain, Faire has rushed, sobbing, from the room. He jerks his spectacles back on his brow, and looks after her in dismay.

Not ill-intentioned, only blundering and overweeningly fond of hearing his own voice, regardless whether the subject he chooses to discourse upon is one which will be pleasant to the listener, he is now honestly distressed and self-reproachful.

"Dear, dear—bless my soul! To think I have lived all these years without acquiring more knowledge of human nature!" he mutters mournfully to himself.

"The great secret of success in worldly matters, as well as at the Bar, is doubtless the being able to grasp both sides of the question, to weep with the plaintiff while advocating the defendant's plea.

"Practically speaking, I was doing the girl the greatest kindness in giving her a hint of how things might be, and yet she will look upon me as an enemy for life because I omitted to pre-suppose that she had any natural affection for this brother upon whose existence hangs her fortune. I was looking at it from entirely a business point of view; but—plague take them!—women are so terribly sentimental, and I thought this one so self-possessed and calm. What humbugs they all are! Why could she not have pulled me up before?"

He paces up and down the room in great perplexity, until a servant enters with the message—

"Miss Espinasse has a bad head-ache, and hopes Mr. Alcourt will excuse her coming down to luncheon."

Having sufficient perspicacity to see that this is only a subterfuge, the lawyer determines to trust no longer to his own wit, but to call in feminine aid.

Directly his solitary meal is ended, notwithstanding the cold inclement weather, he calls for his steady little cob, and mounting him, rides off to Alderton, the residence of Lady Hainault, a widow who has been a life-long friend of General Espinasse and almost a mother to his daughter.

To her Mr. Alcourt tells his difficulty, sparing himself no whit, having come to understand how clumsily and apparently unfeeling he has gone about his work.

"What dolts men are!" is the irate little lady's first characteristic remark, and then—"Poor child, how she must be suffering all this time! I will go to her at once."

But Fate frustrates her kind intentions. The coachman, unwilling to trust his lumbago out in such a raw and biting wind, declares that one of the carriage-horses has a cough, and the other is so low and off his feed that it would be tempting Providence to put him into harness.

So she has perforce to content herself with writing a note, announcing a visit on the following day, and imploring her dear Faire to be patient and cheerful until that time.

Then she invites the lawyer to dinner, and lets her anxiety have vent in abusing him all the evening for his stupidity, for which express purpose she has secured his company and put escape from her vituperations beyond his power.

"Ye Faire Espinasse," as she is sometimes half-jestingly, yet lovingly called by her admirers, is only nineteen.

Her quaint romantic name had been given to her on account of her extreme fairness when very young, and had remained applicable still.

Her hair is purely flaxen, not tinged with either gold or brown; her eyes, though a bright, are not a dark blue, while her complexion is literally milk-and-roses, like the princess of a fairy-tale.

No wonder she had become the acknowledged beauty of the county, for not only are her pretty winning ways as pleasing as her appearance, but her father had made public his intention of giving to his daughter the largest dowry his estate would allow; and even the fairest face becomes fairer still when framed in gold!

A beauty, as well as an heiress, it had seemed as though nothing were lacking to form her perfect happiness.

And from the age of sixteen, when she came home from school abroad, to the time her father died, not a rose-leaf even had been ruffled sufficiently to disturb her rest.

And now what a terrible change has come over "the spirit of her dream," if all that the lawyer has surmised should prove correct!

It is true he had no ground to go upon; still the mere suggestion that her brother may be dead is enough to make her miserable and anxious, coupled as it is with his long incomprehensible silence.

That night she cries herself to sleep; but the next morning her mood alters.

She grows rebellious rather than patient under the troubles that are threatening, becoming as matter-of-fact and hard as even Mr. Alcourt could have wished.

"What a fool I was to fancy that her feelings were of more than surface depth!" says that gentleman scornfully to himself, when she joins him at the breakfast-table.

"Women are all the same—thinking always of the main chance, and caring for nothing else so that their comfort is assured."

But Lady Hainault, who comes later in the morning, notes the red rims round the girl's languid eyes and the pallor of her downcast face, and, having more insight into character, judges her aright.

She can see that Faire is wounded to the quick both in her affections and in her pride, but knows that she will not readily confess to either.

All her efforts to win her confidence are fruitless.

Miss Espinasse remains calmly self-possessed, listening to all the proffered kindnesses with a gentle deprecating smile, but eventually declining to avail herself of one.

"It is of no use, dear kind friend, my mind is quite made up. What is the use of my clinging to the luxuries and comforts of my former life, if, after all, I must give them up.

"Some might prefer to let all the old habits and associations go one by one, and thus succeed in deadening the final blow; but I would rather sever myself from all with one effectual wrench.

"If I must be a miserable pauper, let me at least meet my misery and my pauperhood in my own way."

"My dear, you shall never be a pauper while I am alive to look after you and love you," says the elder lady gently.

But Faire's expression does not disappear, though she stoops and, with a quick impulsive gesture, kisses the white bejeweled hand that is resting tremulously upon her arm.

"For the love I shall be always grateful, always glad; but you know I could not accept anything beyond."

"Not even from me?"

"Not even from you"—shaking her head sadly, but decidedly.

Lady Hainault looks at her reproachfully.

It is only what she expected, knowing the girl's independent nature; but she is none the less disappointed at her non-success. She has no children of her own, and Faire's bright presence would lighten up those gloomy mansions between which she spends her time, as nothing else could.

"What do you intend to do?" she asks, after a slight pause.

"I will tell you when it is all settled—not a moment before, for fear you should upset my plans," the girl answers, smiling faintly.

"You think I should disapprove of them?"

"I—I am afraid you would."

But, though she speaks falteringly and lets her eyes droop before the other's steadfast gaze, there is no thought of yielding in her mind.

Always strong-willed, even to obstinacy, she is even more determined now, thinking so to defy her fate.

"My dear, promise me you will do nothing rash," pleads Lady Hainault, sighing, for she knows how little chance there is of her words having any weight. "Remember that we are by no means sure of poor Guy's death; it is the merest conjecture yet, and in any case, your claim to the estate would be always considered by the next heir, however ungenerous he might be."

"I do not want his charity," is the somewhat sullen reply.

"There is no question of charity at all; it is your right. Try to look at it from a sensible businesslike point of view."

"I think I am doing that. I do not see how I could do otherwise than is my intention now."

And so for a time the subject is set aside; and, when a week passes and it has not again been broached, Lady Hainault begins to congratulate herself upon her diplomacy in not having violently opposed the scheme, and so aroused a fiercer determination.

"Divert the course of an angry river, but never attempt to stay its torrent," she thinks, with cheerful self-approbation; and almost at the moment the appropriate aphorism flits across her mind, a note arrives from Faire to beg her to come over and consult upon some letters she has received.

She finds the girl before her writing-table, evidently engaged in some pleasurable occupation, for her cheeks are flushed and her eyes brighter than they have been for many days.

She jumps up and kisses her visitor when she sees her.

"Dear aunt Paul, how good of you to be so prompt!" she says, using an old name of endearment and infusing so much cordiality into her welcome that the lady begins to suspect that she wishes to deprecate her possible displeasure.

"Well, what is it? What have you been doing wrong?" she asks her shrewdly.

"Nothing wrong. Independent or strong-minded is the worst that could be said, and I think you will admit that it is sensible as well."

"My dear, I am prepared for anything; go on."

Laughing a little at the resigned sigh which accompanies her friend's words, the girl puts an advertisement into her hand, cut from a morning paper. It runs thus—

"A young woman, aged nineteen, a tolerably good linguist, and possessing the usual accomplishments, wishes for a situation as governess or companion. Terms £30 a year. Address F. E., care of Richard Alcourt, Esq., North Barham, Blankshire."

"Do you think I have said too much?" asks Faire.

"That depends upon whom you mean. You have not said half enough if you mean the Vicar's niece Penelope Gay, who it is a thousand shames should be forced into the world, young and pretty as she is, to earn her own living. However it is the Vicar's business, and not mine."

"It is not Penelope Gay."

"Then who else? None of the village girls, I should say, judging from the description"—putting up her gold-rimmed glasses to read the advertisement again.

"It is I, myself," confesses Faire.

Lady Hainault gasps for breath, letting paper and glasses fall at the same moment.

"Young woman—governess or companion!" she falters helplessly.

"Why not? Am I the first woman of gentle birth who had to do the same? Is the case so singular, that you should take it thus? It is better than being dependent upon friends, however kind."

"Sixty pounds a year!" says Lady Hainault vaguely.

"Ah, you think I have asked too much! But I calculated, and found I could not do with less than a pound a week, with a little over for extras," answers Faire, naively apologetic. "You see I have not been accustomed to economy, and cannot learn it all at once."

"My dear, it is monstrous—out of the question entirely. If you want a home and money of your own, come and live with me as daughter—not companion."

"No, dear Lady Hainault, that is just what I will do. I don't want to play at independence; it must be real. Work will do me good and prevent me from fretting over much, and wondering every night whether I shall hear of Guy the next day, only again to be disappointed when the morning comes. Think for yourself how anxious I must be, and judge whether mind and body are not best employed."

"Then let it be work more suited to your station. Begin some improvements on the estate, or try district-work, infant-schools, or whatever you most fancy. You will be a very sweet Lady Bountiful, I am sure."

"You forget how I stand now. I am a visitor here, nothing more."

"You must not speak bitterly like that. My firm belief is that Guy will come back, in spite of all that has been thought and foolishly said."

"Oh, Heaven grant he may!" cries Faire earnestly. "It is terrible to be so utterly alone, so desolate, when only a few months ago everything seemed so bright."

"But, my child, if—or rather I will say when—he comes, do you think he will approve of the line that you have taken?" asks Lady Hainault gravely.

"I think so; oh, yes, I think so! Dear old Guy; he was always pleased with what best pleased me!"

Accepting this half as a rebuke, the elder lady is silent for a moment, and when she speaks again she has shifted the attack to another and, she hopes, a more vulnerable quarter.

"Faire, you are nineteen now, and must have thought of marriage in the abstract, even if not associating it with any one in particular.

"Out of your many lovers and admirers, have you not one you cared for more than all the rest?"

The girl's frank gaze is sufficient answer to the query, even had her words been less decided.

"I care for nobody, no, not I; and, since my fortune is likely to disappear in the misty distance, I think I may safely add—nobody cares for me."

"I am not so sure of that."

"Don't dispute it, please. I am not anxious to win love that it is not likely I could ever return."

"Why should you not return it? Life without love is a sad experiment at best," says the woman to whom love and happiness are only a fragrant memory, and never can be more.

But the girl who has only known the latter and dreamt about the first shakes her head.

"Perhaps love is no longer what it was.

At least, I cannot imagine it a motive power to cause either joy or sorrow."

"It is because you do not know it, Faire, that you say so."

"Very likely. Yet they have told me of it often."

She speaks simply and with no boastfulness in her tone.

The facts have been too apparent for any sham modesty upon the subject.

"And why could you not believe in what they said, although you could not share the feeling?" asked Lady Hainault curiously.

"They did not even believe in it themselves. It was the same hollow protestations in every case—unmistakably hollow, yet whether so because the words they spoke were not really felt, or because they were incapable of feeling themselves, I cannot undertake to say.

"I only know I would rather have inspired an honest hatred than such dilettante love."

Lady Hainault smiles a little wickedly, thinking that any one who could so easily detect the absence of a sentiment must surely be acquainted with its presence. However, she merely says—

"Then, if love is so unreal and worthless, why not marry for money? That at least is solid and a fact."

"Have you any one especial in your eye?" laughs the girl blithely.

"And, if I had, would you humor an old woman's wish to see you happy?"

"Out with his name, aunt Paul, and don't appeal to my affection and gratitude for all your goodness in that underhand way. Out with his name—that is, if you are not ashamed to put your wicked scheming into words."

"My dear, I don't know his name."

"Then you are harrowing my feelings all for nothing. I did not expect such wanton cruelty from you."

"I don't know his name; but I know whom I mean all the same, and he's a distant relation of your own."

"You mean that man," interrupts Faire hotly.

"The next heir to the estate. Is my proposition so shocking or so strange that you should look like that? Is it not natural I should wish to keep you near me in your old home?" is the half-resentful reply.

Faire is melted in a moment, and, kneeling down beside her childhood's friend, lays her head upon her lap.

"Forgive me," she murmurs penitently. "I know you mean so well and always kindly; but you cannot understand how bitterly I feel towards this interloper, this stranger who may one day stand in the place that should be Guy's."

"I understand it well; but you should fight against a prejudice which is so utterly unfair."

"At least it does him no harm."

"Not if it prevents your marrying him?"

"I would not marry him, even if I loved him."

"Let us talk of something else," says Lady Hainault, somewhat out of patience. "Show me that advertisement again."

Obediently Faire puts it into her hand, then watches her with a gleam of sly amusement in her eyes while it is being read.

"One comfort is that you will get no answer to it," says Lady Hainault spitefully, when she has perused it and put it down on the table as far away from her as possible.

"Why?"—demurely.

"It is far too independent in tone and composition to please the generality; and then so many people now offer their services in return for a comfortable home."

"That's all nonsense. Honest labor deserves remuneration, and I shall try to do my best."

"All the same, you will get no answer to it—mark my words."

"Then what do you call this and this and this?" cries the girl, in irrepressible triumph, producing three letters from her pocket.

Lady Hainault's countenance falls.

"Utterly unsuitable, all of them, of course," she says, covering her defeat with a little natural disparagement of the means by which the victory has been won.

"Two of them really are," confesses the girl, with a little haughty straightening of her slender neck.

"One lady attempts to barter with me, offering thirty pounds and her cast-off clothes; another, a tradesman's wife—and I suppose she really means to be kind—tells me money is no object, and that, if I am ladylike and presentable in appearance, I shall dine with the family on Sundays."

"Faire, how can you subject yourself to such insults?" is the indignant observation upon this; but, taking no notice of the interruption, Miss Espinasse continues coolly—

"The third I have already decided to accept.

"The writer is a lady, and her note, though cold and business-like, is courteous as well. She wants me as companion."

For a moment Lady Hainault hesitates. A remonstrance is on her lips.

She suppresses it, seeing the girl's determined face, and knowing that anything she can say will only irritate her instead of doing good.

Instead of saying anything, she reaches out her hand for the letter.

"Yes, there is no fault to find with the note, except that, as you say, the writer seems a cold woman, and is possibly disagreeable as well. Besides, I have hardly yet realised the fact that you are really going. I suppose you will not hurry the arrangements?"

"I am going on the twenty-first," rejoins Miss Espinasse.

"And this is the thirteenth! Oh, my dearest child, be advised and give up this mad scheme!" Lady Hainault cries. "It is not as if you had no friends!"

Faire lays her hand gently upon the other's lips.

"Do not attempt to dissuade me. It is so hard to refuse anything to so kind a friend; and you must not take so desperate a view of what I am going to do. However it may be, there is no disgrace; at worst, it is a harmless whim."

And so Faire had her own way.

CHAPTER II.

An acceptance of the offered situation having been despatched, the next few days are spent in providing what Faire considers a suitable outfit for her changed position, Lady Hainault looking on aghast.

She says nothing, it is true, but her demeanor is full of a grim disapprobation, that would be amusing, were it not so evidently earnest.

Often she speculates upon the practicability of having the wayward girl forcibly deterred from her project by having her confined at Alderton until such time as she should become once more of a sane mind.

She consults Mr. Alcourt on this question.

He dolefully assures her that no one can have any authority over the girl except her brother, who unfortunately is not forthcoming, even if he is still in the land of the living.

The absence of any will, while depriving her of the money that is rightly hers, has also left her unfettered and entirely mistress of her own actions.

Lady Hainault can only groan and abuse the lawyer for his indiscreet mention of the facts without first consulting herself.

And indeed Mr. Alcourt is penitent enough now that he realises what is done, while he longs for the termination of his responsibility—still dreads Guy Espinasse's return, fearing a deserved reproach for his mismanagement of his affairs.

The efforts to find out what has become of the missing sportsman are redoubled, but without avail.

The twenty-first comes.

Faire, having packed her modest little box, stands on the broad steps of Manor Seton for perhaps the very last time.

The carriage is waiting, and she is impatient to be off.

As she turns to speak the final words, Lady Hainault breaks down utterly, and she has perforce to stay and administer such comfort as she can.

"Dear aunt Paul, don't fret. It will probably be only for a short time. Directly I hear good news of Guy, I will come back home."

"But, my dear, that may not be for very long; and how am I ever to forgive myself if any harm should happen to you while away.

"Although I have no claim on your obedience, I feel that to some extent I am answerable for your well-fare. Your dear mother left you to my care, and your dear father always asked for and valued my advice."

Faire looked perplexed and a little penitent as well.

Has she been selfish in only considering herself—not thinking whether the dead would have approved, and whether she does not also owe a duty to the living.

"Come to London and look after me yourself," she says graciously, with the air of one who is making a concession.

And indeed to her it is something of that nature, as she had taken an almost melancholy pleasure in the thought of her utter loneliness in the new life that she has chosen.

"I wonder we have never thought of that before!" say Lady Hainault.

"Yes, do come," persuades Faire, who, now that she has once consented to abate a little of her rigid self-denial, begins to appreciate the decided improvement in her scheme. "Then you will know that I am safe, and it will be such a comfort to me to have you near. I can spend all holidays at your house, if you will have me?"

"It I will have you, child!"

And, laughing a little sorrowfully, Lady Hainault kisses the wilful girl and lets her go.

Another half hour, and Faire is speeding along in the train, leaving North Barham farther and farther behind her.

She has been to London sometimes with her father.

She therefore experiences no dismay when alighting on the crowded station-platform, only a natural sadness at the contrast of those times with this.

Then she was "Ye Faire Espinasse," heiress and beauty both, with everything that love could procure to make her life a happy one.

Now she is Frances Edwardes, the name she has adopted, not wishing to be recognised and perhaps pitied for the direful changes in her fortune, fatherless, may-be brotherless, and about to become the paid companion of one whom fate still favors.

Regardless of the many admiring glances that are cast upon her, Faire quietly hands over her luggage to a porter, and sees it placed upon a cab.

The cabman, who looks rather glum at being hailed by a young woman travelling without a man-servant or maid, brightens when he hears her destination, and is even more hopefully inclined when he sees the handsome house in Grosvenor Square before which he eventually stops, deciding upon asking at least double his proper fare.

He knocks and rings the bell, and, when the door is opened, confronts the powdered footman with an air indicative of his desire to fight that or any other question with him.

But impatient Faire has let herself out, and, springing up the steps, motions him away.

"This is Mrs. Sloane-Trevor's?" she asks, and, receiving an assenting reply, steps inside.

"I am expected. My name is Miss Edwardes," she says quietly.

And, if any doubt had been previously in the footman's mind as to whether a companion should be treated as a lady, it is instantly dispelled.

He leads across the hall, and opens the drawing-room door.

"Miss Edwardes," he announces, with the stately solemnity that he generally reserves for titled or otherwise illustrious visitors.

Faire finds herself in a large room, only lighted by the firelight and a solitary reading-lamp that flickers mildly in the farthest corner.

Some one has taken her hands in a not unkindly clasp, and a clear, if somewhat cold, voice is bidding her very politely welcome.

"You have had a tiring journey; it is a long way from North Barham, I suppose. I do not know the place; but, strangely enough, I have heard much about it here lately."

"It is a long, long way," agrees Miss Espinasse.

The sweet voice attracts the lady's notice, and for the first time she looks at the girl scrutinisingly, growing graver as she gazes.

The bright brown hair and lovely face form a pretty enough picture from which not even the framing in a plain, even mean garb, can seriously detract.

Mrs. Sloane-Trevor is however evidently much discomforted at the sight of it, and turns somewhat nervously towards her daughter.

"Irene, this is Miss Edwardes," she says, a perceptible softening of her tones betraying the love, tempered with a little fear, that is lavished upon this girl, her only child.

Miss Sloane-Trevor comes from the shadow, where she has been standing unperceived by any one, into the centre of the room.

She has a pale proud face, to which not even the rich crimson tea-gown she is wearing can give a warmer glow, and hands even whiter than the lace that falls above her wrists.

She has perfectly regular features, beautiful, but without expression, and great grey eyes that would oftener freeze than burn.

She bows haughtily, and with an ease of manner that makes Faire appear *gauche* by contrast, as, first extending her fingers, she hastily withdraws them, seeing no responsive movement.

Not a word is exchanged between the two, who are for the future to be companions—friendly, if not friends.

Fearing for the success of her trial, Mrs. Sloane-Trevor hastily interposes.

"We must not keep you now, Miss Edwardes. You are tired, of course, and will like to remain by yourself this evening. We shall have plenty of time to become better acquainted."

She rings the bell beside her.

When, in answer to its summons, a maid-servant appears upon the threshold of the heavily-curtained door, she gives a few directions for the new-comer's comfort, and with a wave of her hand signifies that they are dismissed.

"Irene, she is far too pretty—such a mistake!" she begins, directly the curtains fall behind the retreating figures.

"You fear her rivalry for me?" questions the girl, in the same cold tones that her mother adopts towards strangers, but with none of the tender inflection which is so noticeable in the elder woman's voice when speaking to her much-loved child.

In her case it is more coldness from self-repression, as though she were on her guard with every one, lest she should inadvertently betray some secret that is preying on her mind.

There is a look of suffering, too, in her gray eyes, when at rare intervals she lays aside her mask of pride.

"My darling," answers her mother fondly, "she is not to be compared with you. Yet I fear—there is Seton, you know."

"Seton is, or is nearly, engaged to me," is the sharp retort. "Besides, he looks upon people of her class as almost automatons, mechanically fulfilling the duties of their position—and nothing more."

As Faire passed out, the hem of her garment had caught upon a nail above the carpet.

The maid had stooped quietly to release it, and, good-naturedly unwilling to tear an evidently new dress, had been somewhat long in the process, so that, before she can be set at liberty, Faire has heard all.

At first she has been a little flattered and amused at the elder lady's evident distress, and feels pleased that her beauty has not been entirely dependent on fine clothes; but the last sentence—Irene's haughty words, rendered more insulting by the manner in which they had been spoken—awakens all her pride.

It is her first taste of the bitterness of her servitude.

Her eyes flash, and she draws up her pretty head.

Glancing at the servant's face, she is relieved to find it perfectly stolid and incomprehensive.

She has evidently heard nothing of—or attached no meaning to—what has been said.

The gown having been released, she leads the way to the room in which Faire is to be domiciled.

Here at least there are no traces of neglect.

Everything is as comfortable and as prettily arranged as though for an honored guest.

A little soothed by this, Miss Espinasse draws a chair up to the fire, and, while the maid unpacks, employs herself in thinking of the past and comparing it with the present.

A faint misgiving is already rising in her mind whether she has done right in adopting so determined a course—whether it would not have been a wiser and happier choice had she accepted the home which Lady Hainault offered.

CHAPTER III.

"Who is Seton?"

This is the question that Faire puts to herself the next morning, her general indignation at what she has overheard having settled into more particular wrath and desire for revenge against the man who, she thinks, is the chief offender.

She is used to antipathy from her own sex on account of her good looks, and therefore thinks little of Irene's own share in the insult.

Nor indeed is she responsible for the sentiments of which she only spoke.

It is this Seton who is so odious, so ungentlemanly and small-minded, that he must forsooth despise—or, worse till, ignore—those women whom circumstances have forced to work for a livelihood.

Well, at least she will do nothing to challenge his attention!

She is quite willing, even eager to be overlooked by this bear!

Indeed, sooner than court his notice, she will repel it.

Only two things has Faire left untampered with in the wholesale revolution of her appearance.

Her hair she still allows to lie a natural crown upon her forehead, nor has she restrained the soft curls and fluffy waves from following their own sweet bent; while she still wears the lace ruffles at her throat and wrists that are indicative of the eminently picturesque and feminine style she had formerly affected.

These last she will also remorselessly sacrifice.

The frills are torn from her gown, and the plainest linen bands are substituted, and on the lovely ruffled hair she empties part of a bottle of glycerine, rubbing it in with both hands and brushing her fair hair fiercely until it lies smooth and waveless on her brow.

"It looks like a wig," decides Faire, surveying herself at last with satisfaction mingled with some womanly distress.

"They won't send me away because I am too pretty now.

"They are more likely to burn me on the fifth of November as a guy!"

Laughing at the idea, she emerges from her room and trips down the broad stairs, one hand resting on the balusters as she goes.

So absorbed is she in her own thoughts and plans, that she does not look where she is going, and nearly rushes into the arms of a young man who is coming slowly from the other way.

Both stop short.

The young man—who is indeed no other than the "odious Seton," himself, about whom Miss Sloane-Trevor's remark was so far true that he has no regard for women at all, considering them as necessary nuisances in his own set, and out of that to him entirely non-existent, looks a little amused; and the smile on Faire's face dies away instantly.

She makes a little impatient movement to proceed, and, with a low bow, the gentleman stands aside to let her pass.

"Have I found thee, oh, mine enemy?" misquotes the girl to herself, with a comic smile; "and have I been wasting all this tragic indignation on a man with red hair?"

It is quite true, and Seton Crewe, Colonel in Her Majesty's Guards, would be the last to deny the terrible impeachment.

His moustache is a bright red—red-gold the women say—and his hair is darker, with a browner shade chastening the more vivid hue.

Yet, for all that, he is a fine man, tall, well-built, with moderately good features and a pair of cold blue eyes.

Not always cold, as a few of his friends are aware, but softening so seldom that few are acquainted with their capabilities in this respect—certainly not Irene Sloane-Trevor, although a somewhat near connection and destined, so rumor says, to become his wife.

But Faire has seen nothing except the color of his hair and moustache, and condemns him as hideous without a second hearing of his case.

"Ugly, as well as fastidious!" she thinks scornfully. "The good people who are my employers need not fear any rivalry from me in this instance, at any rate."

When she enters the breakfast-room, the ladies are just sitting down.

With an apology for being late, Faire quietly takes her seat.

The others exchange glances of unmistakable surprise at her changed appearance, but they are too well-bred to make any remarks.

Besides, doubtless they consider that the flattering half-light in which they had seen

her first and the natural disorder attendant upon so long a journey are explanation sufficient.

The next moment the door opens again, and Colonel Crewe enters.

The ladies greet him gaily—especially Irene, who displays some animation for the first time.

Then he is briefly introduced to Faire, who acknowledges the courtesy with the chilliest bow.

Colonel Crewe does not address himself to her at all, and she is grateful for that, fearing that she could not answer him civilly if he spoke; but, though he is apparently absorbed in what Irene says, his attention wanders often to Faire as she exchanges the merest common-places with Mrs. Sloane-Trevor.

The feeling of dislike has not been entirely mutual.

Probably had Faire looked her own lovely self when he met her, he would have accepted her as a beauty and dismissed her from his thoughts; but he is puzzled, and consequently interested beyond his wont in this demure maid, whom he had surprised with such a mirthful light lingering in her eyes.

What had amused her so?

Where did she come from, and what was she doing here?

These are questions that occupy his thoughts more often during the meal than the lady he is talking to would possibly approve.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VAL'S GOVERNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY SAILOR BOYS," "A FALSE FRIEND," "AS ROSES FADE," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

THE afternoon of the following day, Lady Hildyard came into the study with a little basket in her hand.

"Nellie, would you mind going down to the South Lodge with this soup for old Hannah?" she said.

"I meant to have taken it this morning when I drove that way; but it was forgotten, and I know you like a brisk walk."

"I should enjoy it very much. I always like a talk with Hannah," replied Nellie, springing up from a low chair before the fire, where she had been sitting reading and dreaming all manner of day-dreams as she gazed into the glowing coals.

"Yes, she is a dear old woman, and was Sir Wilton's nurse; so I do not want her to feel neglected," said her ladyship, as she left the room.

Ten minutes later, as Nellie was passing through the hall, warmly clad in her pretty soft furs, a sprig of bright holly-berries fastened into her jacket, she met Flora.

"Where are you going?" asked Miss Hildyard, looking suspiciously at the girl's sweet face.

Nellie held up her basket.

"Oh, some rubbish of mamma's!" said Flora, with a shrug of her shoulders. "For whom is it?"

"Hannah," returned Miss O'Ferra.

"Humph, the South Lodge!" said Flora, thinking how stupid her mother had been to send the governess just the very way the gentlemen were likely to return from their day's shooting.

"Wait a moment; I should enjoy a walk, and will come with you," she added, after a minute's pause.

Nellie quietly acquiesced, although she knew that Flora's society would rob the expedition of more than half its pleasure.

They were very silent at first.

Flora was beginning to think she had perhaps been silly to come, as very likely they would never see anything of the gentlemen, and she would have had all this tiresome walk for nothing, and have been obliged to talk to that stupid old Hannah as well.

But Miss Hildyard never liked to be quiet for long; so presently she began to describe to Nellie the different entertainments that had been given lately at the country-houses near the Chase, and she grew quite animated over a vivid account of the costumes worn by herself and her friends at each.

"We are going to a dance at Lord Harley's to-morrow night," she continued, in a patronising tone, hoping that by this time she had accomplished the desire of her heart and made Nellie jealous.

"It must be very dull for you, Miss O'Ferra, when we are all out in the evening and you do not come into the drawing-room after dinner."

"It is very good of you to think of me," returned Miss O'Ferra, with quiet sarcasm; "but I am generally quite happy. I find a nice book, and enjoy myself very much with it."

"Indeed!" said Flora doubtfully, for a book would scarcely have been sufficient amusement for her.

They walked on in silence for some time, and then Flora's voice changed slightly as she addressed Nellie.

"I wonder if it is of any use my asking you what your impressions are regarding that dreadful flirt, Mr. Galbraith?"

Miss Hildyard observed her companion narrowly as she spoke, and jealously watched the faint pink color that stole into Nellie's oval cheek; but the girl replied as quietly—

"I like him very much;" then, catching sight of Flora's suspicious light blue eyes, she added quickly—"What a pity the sun has set! It makes everything look so lovely, does it not?"

"Yes, very. Is it not a pity that my cousin, who is so charming otherwise, should flirt so inveterately?" said Flora, returning to her subject.

"Indeed, he has made numbers of girls think he cares for them.

"I often tell him it is wrong, for I know, in spite of it all, that he has only loved one woman all his life."

"And she is dead?" questioned Nellie, as they reached the lodge. "Ah, how sad for him!"

"No," said Flora, with a satisfied smile on her fair face, "she is not dead; but I suppose I must not tell his secrets," she added complacently.

Nellie felt vexed with herself for the sudden pain at her heart.

Miss Hildyard had only been speaking of herself.

"And I do not think they are even very good friends," thought Nellie.

They did not stay long with old Hannah, as it was growing dusk; and, whilst Nellie listened with her usual gentle sympathy to the old woman's garrulous account of her health, Flora stood at the little window, keeping a vigilant watch on all the paths by which her father and his guests might be returning from their day's sport.

But no success rewarded her pains, and they were half-away home again, and were just closing the field-gate and entering the park, when Miss Hildyard's quick eyes discerned four or five manly figures rapidly approaching them through the fast-fading light.

"This is indeed a most unlooked-for pleasure," said Mr. Galbraith in a low tone, as he at once joined Nellie, his brown eyes beaming with a happy light as he looked down on her fair spirituelle face.

"We have been down to the lodge for Lady Hildyard," replied Nellie, turning uneasily away from his ardent gaze.

"Have you had a good day's sport?" inquired Flora, turning to Teddie as she spoke, for she was anxious to effect a diversion and separate her cousin from Miss O'Ferra.

"What a capital walker you are!" he said at length.

"Do our utmost, we could not catch you up before you reached the gate—you were going so fast.

"Won't you take pity on a fellow who has been tramping about all day, and walk rather more slowly?"

"You do not seem in the least tired," said Nellie, looking up at the tall figure by her side.

"Do I not? But why are you in such a hurry? I so seldom see you alone; you might remember that," replied Teddie in a rather injured tone, as Nellie, in spite of his protestations and entreating looks, seemed determined to hurry on.

"Well, it cannot be so very amusing," she said, with a smile that brought out the pretty dimples in her cheeks. "You know so much of the world, and I so little."

"It is better than amusing," answered Mr. Galbraith gently; and then there was a long pause in the conversation.

"I am afraid," said Nellie, breaking a silence that she felt had already lasted dangerously long, "that you have been shooting some of my favorite pheasants."

"I must plead guilty," replied Mr. Galbraith; "but I did not know that they were under your especial protection. Is that what has made you so quiet?"

"You must not think I am quite so silly as that," returned Nellie, laughing. "No," she continued, more gravely; "I was wondering what pleasure some some people can possibly find in trying to make the lives of others miserable."

"What made you think of that?" demanded Teddie quickly, his brows drawn together in an angry frown, as he gazed straight before him into the coming night. "Good Heavens, if I thought——"

"It is nothing," interrupted Nellie hastily, her heart beating fast as she glanced up at his handsome troubled face, and heard the passionate ring in his voice.

"I—I was thinking of Hannah; you know her life has not been always a happy one," she added, turning her blushing face away as she spoke, for she could feel that Mr. Galbraith's eyes were fixed upon her as he answered doubtfully—

"Oh—yet! But she seemed as happy as a queen when I looked in upon her this morning."

"You went to see her?" cried Nellie in surprise.

"Yes," he replied, laughing at her amazement. "Why not? I have known her ever since I was a boy, and she has the bad taste to be very fond of me."

"How really nice he is!" thought Nellie. "Not many young men would take the trouble to go and see a deaf old woman. I know he went just because he thought it would please her."

"I wonder if you would do something if I asked you?" inquired Teddie, as he followed her into the firelit hall.

"It depends very much upon what the little thing is," she answered cautiously, glancing up at him from under her long eyelashes.

"Something I have been coveting all through our pleasant walk home," said Mr. Galbraith.

"That little cluster of berries you have honored by wearing. will you give them to me?"

Nellie could not tell what made her do it; but, obeying a sudden impulse, she unfastened the berries, and threw them gently down upon the hall-table.

"Do not thank me," she replied, with a slight smile. "Remember, I did not give them to you. I threw them down, as I did not want them. Mind, for they prick!"

* * * * * *

"Where did you get those lovely scarlet berries, Teddie?" asked Flora, as they went down to dinner together that night.

"Oh, I picked them up," responded Mr. Galbraith carelessly. "I am fond of a little bit of vivid color, you know."

"So am I" said Miss Hildyard. "Give them to me, and you shall have my beautiful yellow rose in exchange."

"My dear Flo," replied her cousin, looking down at her with laughing eyes, "how do you suppose I could be so cruel as to separate the rose from her queen, and give in exchange a small sprig of prickly holly?"

"So it is that piece which Miss O'Ferra wore this afternoon," thought Flora angrily as she took her seat at table. "How can he be so stupid?

"I really must get rid of that girl, for I can have no peace while she is in the house. Directly these people are gone, I will try to get Val sent to school, and then, my dear Nellie, you shall go straight back to Ireland and your tumble-down old Castle."

But no one could have told, from Miss Hildyard's cold calm manner that night, what a fierce storm of jealousy raged in her selfish heart.

CHAPTER V.

THE real old-fashioned seasonable weather-wise had predicted came with a vengeance, and the day before Christmas was one long to be remembered by the inhabitants of Marsh End.

Christmas morning dawned dark and gloomy.

The snow still fell fast, and the man sent down for the post-bag reported deep drifts, and, in places, the roads almost impassable.

Nellie was up early, and on the look-out for the post, which she knew would bring her news of those she loved.

The long cheerful letters from Ireland were perused at least four or five times that morning.

Jack's literary efforts were prospering, and he, as usual, was sanguine of soon redeeming the dear old Castle, adding that he had "pitched all that beastly lace-mending and rubbish of that sort overboard."

Jack could never bear to see his womankind work, and Maude and Nellie had often hurried through their tasks and hidden the evidences of their toil before the master came home.

Mr. John O'Ferra came of a very proud old stock, and was not at all satisfied with his sister's present position; nor would he have been had she been offered a thousand pounds a year to do nothing, simply because it was being dependent on strangers.

Maude's affectionate wishes and gentle counsels brought the tears to Nellie's eyes—tears that were only checked by the happy face and cheery tones of her pupil, as he came and begged her to assist him to arrange his somewhat extensive show of Christmas gifts.

Sir Wilton had an old-fashioned notion that Christmas Day was not Christmas Day unless a visit were paid to the parish church. To him this religious observance could no more be ignored than the orthodox turkey and plum-pudding.

Therefore he muffled himself in wraps and coats, and sturdily ploughed his way thither, accompanied by two or three of his guests, who were not particular where they went or what they endured, so long as they were not compelled to spend the whole day indoors.

Mr. Seymour-Brooke was not allowed to go.

Madam Seymour-Brooke clasped her hands on his arm with an air of proprietorship, and, gazing fondly into his eyes, proceeded to draw a most harrowing picture of her feelings if he were to be lost in a snow-drift or met with some equally unhappy end.

"Dreadful, is it not?" lisped Captain Fane to his next neighbor; "and he's never allowed out after dark, for fear he should be kidnapped?"

The Honorable Eustachia Gardiner, who affected the masculine, and wore such extremely stiff high collars that bade fair to terminate her existence by choking, and materially interfered with the working of her jaws, announced herself undeterred by any sort of weather.

Arrayed in a long mackintosh and hard felt hat, and displaying a considerable amount of leggings and ankle, she sailed forth with Sir Wilton, returning, it must be owned, most decidedly damped in mind and body.

The difficulties of the walk, such as the total obliteration of the road, and knee-deep drifts, had surpassed their fondest anticipations, and their limp and dejected appearance provoked a chorus of irritating "I told you so's!"

Lady Hildyard was quite sure they had all taken cold.

In the afternoon, as Nellie was once more enjoying a glimpse of her brother's letter, Sir Wilton entered the study, followed by Val.

"We are waiting for you, Nellie," he said. "We are going to indulge in real childish Christmas games in the hall—so come along; we can't spare a young thing like you, when even I am going to romp!"

"Oh, I'll come with pleasure!" cried Nellie, springing up with alacrity.

Lady Hildyard and two or three other elderly ladies had ranged themselves round the great fireplace "to prevent any one catching fire," and her ladyship kept up a perpetual "Mind the fire!" throughout the games.

Teddie, with a large white-silk handkerchief in his hand, came up to Nellie as she entered.

"Will you kindly blindfold me, Miss O'Ferra?" he said. "I am the first victim."

"Then get me a step-ladder, please," she replied, laughing, as she looked round on the lively scene the hall presented.

Flora's face, as she watched her cousin, furnished the only gloomy element.

"Perhaps I can manage without a ladder," remarked Miss Hildyard, taking the handkerchief from Teddie's hand.

"All right, Flo," he said. "Perhaps Miss O'Ferra will tie it on for you," he added, retreating rapidly.

"I didn't mean," began Flora, in no very amiable tone of voice.

Then, seeing that all eyes were on her, and that the base Teddie was looking on from the foot of the stairs, with the pleased expression on his countenance of a man who had really done a smart thing, she smiled sweetly, and allowed herself to be blindfolded without another word—not by Nellie, though—she could not have borne that.

Mr. Muntelth performed the office for her.

This and other games were kept up with unflagging zeal by the party of overgrown children until the dressing-bell rang.

Miss O'Ferra and Val were to dine with the family to-night, and the former had been much exercised in her mind concerning her dress.

"Oh, Nell, you do look jolly!" cried the ardent young knight, as he escorted her downstairs.

Nellie did indeed look charming in her long floating dress of soft black tulle.

Her snowy shoulders and rounded arms gleamed white against their dark background.

Round the graceful throat and shapely arms were three rows of beautiful pearls—jewels that had been her mother's.

In her curling waving hair nestled a spray of scarlet geraniums, while a small bouquet of the same flower was fastened in the left side of her dress.

But it was not the pearls or the flowers that even helped to constitute Nellie the loveliest woman in the brilliant drawing-room.

It was her speaking gray eyes, sparkling from under their long dark lashes, the exquisite blending of pink and white in the perfect complexion, and, with all this, the sweetest unconsciousness of her own charms.

Nellie and her charge were the first in the drawing-room, but were soon joined by Captain Fane, and Nellie had the pleasure of studying his fascinating lisp for some time before any of the party came down.

In the meantime, Flora, in by no means an amiable temper after her afternoon's amusement, had followed her mother into her dressing-room, and, dismissing the maid with a wave of her hand, sank into a chair.

"Well, Flora dearest, what do you want?" asked her ladyship, looking rather uneasily at her daughter.

"I want to know what you mean to do Miss O'Ferra," answered Flora.

"I hope you have not asked her to dinner. I am tired of the very sight of her!"

"Well, my love, I don't see why you should be; she is a sweet girl, and quite devoted to your darling little brother; you know he would not be happy without her, and he always dines with us on Christmas Day."

"Now, mamma, that is so like you; you would treat her just as you do me, if I did not interfere!

"Now this afternoon she was romping about with Teddie and Captain Fane and young Fitzhall and Colin Monteith and all the others," exclaimed Flora, becoming excited. "I am sure I was quite disgusted."

"I was there all the afternoon, my dear," mildly expostulated her ladyship, "and I thought she behaved very sweetly, and took great care of Val; the little fellow was never once hurt.

"I was watching them, for I felt quite nervous about him among so many big people, and in the hall, too."

"Will you listen to a little common-sense mamma?" said Flora impatiently; "and do remember she is not a guest."

"Of course not, of course not, my dear child.

"But you know, my love, she is of very good family, and a perfect lady; and she won't stay with us if we do not make her happy; and your papa says——"

"Oh," interrupted Flora, "papa is quite stupid about her! But just listen to me, mamma.

"If she be asked or allowed to come to the ball, I, your only daughter, will stay away from it."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed her ladyship, reduced to tears.

"How can you say such things, my darling?

"You make me quite unhappy; and I have promised your brother he shall stay up for a time, and of course he will want Miss O'Ferra to be with him."

"Then you can tell papa that I shall not be there," remarked Flora loftily, knowing she had now the cards in her own hands.

"Well, Flora," said her mother, with her handkerchief to her eyes—

"I suppose, if you wish it, I must try to manage it in some way; but with about your dear little brother?"

"I'll manage him," replied the loving sister. "Let him come down, and I will look after him, or nurse can; only don't

tell him till the last moment, or papa either; we should have a pretty scene! Now I must fly and dress."

Miss Hildyard dressed with great rapidity, and then repaired to the room of her crony, Miss Fitzhall, whom she found waiting for her.

In the corridor they were overtaken by Teddie, and he accompanied the two girls to the drawing-room.

Though rather late, they were evidently not the only defaulters.

Sir Wilton and one or two of the elder gentlemen were standing about the fireplace, warming their coat-tails in true British fashion, and keeping up a desultory conversation.

Presently the door opened to admit the young ladies and Mrs. Seymour-Brooke, radiant in amber and black.

Miss Gardiner, who was nothing if not punctual, was attired in a closely-fitting velvet dress high to the neck, round which was twisted a white cravat.

Her short hair, brushed flat, was guiltless of any ornament.

She wore, however, a neat button-hole of holly and bright berries, and altogether looked very gentlemanly as she stood by Nellie, giving that young lady an epitome of her ideas on the sanitary improvements needed in some cottages round Marsh End.

Captain Fane, on Nellie's right hand, was assuring her that the creatures were very happy as they were, and it would be a pity to meddle with them.

Dinner was announced at last, just as Lady Hildyard swept into the room, followed by Mr. Munteith and young Fitzhall.

It had been arranged by Flora that the last-named young gentleman should take Miss O'Ferra in to dinner, as he was very young, very plain, and could not possibly come to much harm.

He amused Nellie, however, very much, for he turned out to be a born gossip, and told her something about every one present.

So they kept the ball of conversation rolling quite merrily all through the dinner.

Nellie soon discovered where Mr. Galbraith was.

On looking down the table she encountered his eyes watching her.

Whenever her own wandered in his direction, somehow they were sure to meet the brown ones looking towards her admiringly.

Though he appeared to be entirely absorbed in Mrs. Brooke's endless chatter, Nellie felt that he was, more or less, watching her all the time.

In the drawing-room after dinner, before the gentlemen had torn themselves away from their wine and cigars—the time, Miss Gardiner remarked, when all scandal was retailed with embellishments—Mrs. Dick came over to where Nellie and Val were sitting.

"Do you know, Miss O'Ferra," she began, "I believe I have made a discovery. I was at school with your sister-in-law; Maude Hamilton she was then, was she not? We were such dear friends always;" and, sinking into a chair by the side of Miss O'Ferra, she affectionately squeezed her hand.

"Yes," cried Nellie. "How strange! That was my sister's name before she was married."

"And then," continued Mrs. Brooke, in a plaintive tone, "she married and went to Ireland. I could not think why your name was so familiar, until dear Valentine was talking of you at dinner, and said your sister Maude was so beautiful. It was then that I felt sure your name was the same as that of the man whom Maude Hamilton married. How strange to meet her sister in this way! We must be friends, dear child."

Nellie, her pretty face all smiles, agreed to be great friends with the impulsive volatile little lady, and gave her a slight account of Mrs. O'Ferra, to whom, Mrs. Dick declared, she would write to-morrow.

"I shall promise to look after you while you are in England," she continued, "for Maude and I were just like sisters. I don't know how we ever lost sight of each other; but then marriage always makes such a difference."

Mrs. Brooke, her fat little face beaming with delight, then compelled Nellie to listen to the voluble and unromantic account of the wooing and marrying of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour-Brooke.

Seeing Flora, Mrs. Brooke insisted upon crossing the room and telling her the story of Nellie and her sister, winding up with the query—

"Is it not strange we should have met here? Quite like a romance!"

"Yes, quite," replied Flora, with a sneer on her fair face, and her eyes rivetted on the pearls round Nellie's neck.

"Doesn't Nellie look beautiful, Flora? She is just like some of the prettiest ladies on my Christmas cards," said Val, who was arranging his cards on the sofa by his governess.

"Those beads she has got on were her mamma's family jewels," he continued, thinking that Flora was not sufficiently admiring his sweetheart's appearance.

"Were they?" said Flora, with a cold laugh. "Then they were not mortgaged with the rest of your valuable property, Miss O'Ferra?" and she swept away without waiting for any answer to her offensive remark.

"Do not heed her words, my dear," said Mrs. Brooke, looking like a bird whose feathers had been ruffled.

Nellie thought it wiser not to respond to the cruel speech, though the rebellious red dyed her cheeks.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How He Won Her.

BY E. F. SPENCER.

"OF course, Harry, if you think she really prefers you——"

"Prefers me! that's a mild way of putting it, Jack," Henry Wentworth interrupted, throwing his cigar end out of the window, unmindful that where it fell it shone like a star for a moment on Goldsmith's grave.

"Prefers me! why of course she does. Am I not younger, richer, handsomer—in fact everything but cleverer than you; and women don't care a pin about brains. Besides, Jack, I love her in a way solemn old bookworms like you can have no idea of; and I know she cares for me!"

"Then win her, old fellow—if you can: and Heaven bless you both. I know I'm not a very formidable rival."

"No, Jack; you would never have the courage to pop the formidable question. Ta-ta! I am going out," cried Wentworth, gaily.

He laughed as he ran down stairs at the very idea of "slow" Jack Brisbane aspiring to win Mary Chalfont.

"And yet she said she honored work, and worshipped genius. So much for a woman's professions!" John Brisbane exclaimed, aloud two hours later.

He had been sitting by the open window of the chambers that he shared with Henry Wentworth in Goldsmith's Buildings.

The friends were as much unlike as it was possible for men to be, yet they chummed together very happily.

Brisbane was the younger son of a poor, proud baronet, with but a very meager allowance.

Henry was the heir of a wealthy Birmingham manufacturer.

They had known each other as boys, met at school and college.

When Wentworth came to London to study law (more as a reason fair for demanding an increased allowance, than with any serious intention of pursuing the profession), he begged hard to share Brisbane's rooms.

He wanted to be anchored to some thoroughly respectable member of London society.

Clever, studious, aristocratic Jack seemed just the person.

He was so good-natured, so pre-occupied, so gentle and unassuming, in spite of his long pedigree, that Harry felt he could have his own way, and do much as he liked—and he did.

Jack worked hard, and was making his mark in literature.

He lived in the temple for many reasons; it was convenient; it was quiet as a "central peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation;" it was full of associates, and even of society.

For a student, and dreamer like Jack, the Temple was "a holy place, and its sad floor an altar, worn till their very steps had left a trace," by the men he loved.

He kept aloof from the noisy spirits that desecrated the quiet echoing courts and cloisters—from all except Henry, and his worst faults were only follies, and his follies fun.

He was a vain, selfish, and egotistical young fellow, but Jack couldn't or wouldn't see it.

Harry borrowed his collars and handkerchiefs, his books and slippers, smoked his pipes and cigars, and used his perfumes and razors.

In short, he practised "what's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own."

If a bill came, he cried—

"Pay that abomination, will you Jack?" and Jack did, and heard no more about the bill.

All Jack's pleasures were shared with his friend, not even reserving the right of visiting Holly Lodge, where Miss Chalfont resided with her stately old father, an alderman and great city magnate.

He asked permission to bring Harry one day, and to his intense surprise saw that young gentleman as much at home in half an hour as he was after years of assiduous, though diffident attention.

Miss Mary liked him, the alderman liked him, even the pompous butler smiled on him in a friendly way.

Only Tartar, the house dog, refused to make friends with him.

Jack thought sadly that he was the only creature in the house that remained faithful to himself.

A month of visits, informal luncheons, a couple of dinner parties, a few excursions, a somewhat heavy evening party, and then Jack thought it time to speak his mind to Harry.

He told Harry that he loved Miss Chalfont, and meant to ask her to be his wife.

Harry laughed at the idea, and with unblushing effrontery, assured Jack that it was no use, as Miss Mary undoubtedly preferred him, and the Alderman thought well of the Birmingham manufacturer, though no doubt he respected the poor, proud baronet.

Well, it was really not so wonderful after all.

Harry was certainly a handsome young fellow, with plenty to say for himself, and a good deal of the quality called by courtesy self-possession—plenty of money in perspective, too.

Jack was grave and quiet, with a plain face, and no fortune, save all he carried in his massive head.

He would not stand between the young people and their happiness.

He would not even mar it by his sad face, or cause a suspicion to Mary of the true state of his feelings, by absenting himself from the Lodge.

But Jack knew that he could not bear "to look into happiness through another man's eyes."

For two years the daily dream of his life, the stimulant to his work, and the main secret to his success, was the hope of winning Mary.

Now, Jack shrugged his rounded shoulders, packed a few things into his Gladstone bag, locked up his drawers, and resolved to go on a holiday.

Any quiet place would do where he could become accustomed to two things, losing what he never possessed, and Harry's finding what he never deserved.

With that very communicative young gentleman rushing in and out at all hours of the day and the night, he could never do it.

So he just walked quietly up to Charing Cross and calmly asked for a ticket to Paris.

"Train has just gone, sir," the man replied.

And then Jack put his bag in the cloak-room and went out for a walk.

Vaguely he rambled about the streets for an hour, then he found himself at Tottenham Court Road.

Acting on a sudden impulse, he resolved to walk to Hampstead, and take a farewell glance, not at Mary, but her house.

Harry would be in the drawing-room, no doubt, singing, or listening to Mary, and the Alderman would be dozing behind the paper.

He would just have a look, and see how it felt—and he smiled at the morbid pleasure of the idea.

It was a fine night, and he sauntered along slowly to the distant corner of the Heath where Holly Lodge stood.

But to his intense surprise, when he reached there the house was quite dark, save for a faint glimmer in Mary's room.

"No wonder," he said aloud; "it's twelve o'clock.

"What, Tartar; not asleep?" he added, as the huge dog crawled toward him and crouched at his feet.

And then the night being very lovely, and Jack Brisbane being a sentimentalist and a dreamer, he fell to composing poetry as he leaned under the elm on the lawn.

Then he pulled out his note-book, and leaning it against the trunk of the tree, turned his back to the house, and wrote down his verses, a good dozen of them, very sad and bitter, very hopeless and cynical.

When he looked around again there was a very great change in the aspect of Holly Lodge.

Dense clouds of smoke came pouring through the windows, and in a moment more a lurid glare illuminated Mary's room.

Piercing screams broke shrilly the midnight quiet.

The house clearly was on fire.

A single glance showed Jack where the danger lay.

Climbing up the porch by the aid of creepers and rose-trees he gained a little balcony above, and from that scrambled—how he never knew—to the window of Mary's room.

With one blow he forced the window in.

He was not a moment too soon; the whole room was in a blaze.

Voices were calling, some one was trying to force open the door.

Mary was lying unconscious on the floor, wrapped in a blanket, which she had the presence of mind to put on before her senses forsook her.

In an instant he had her in his arms, made a dash through the flames into the dressing-room, which opened on the balcony, and from thence with the aid of the blanket he let her safely down on the grass plot, and swung down himself—but only to return instantly, for he heard the stifled voice of the Alderman calling wildly on Mary, and saying that he would die with her.

"She's safe, sir; she's safe!" Jack cried. "I've got her out by the balcony. Come this way."

But the Alderman's voice grew fainter, and once more Jack ventured into the blazing room, and rescued another life at the risk of his own.

When he saw father and daughter lying on the grass surrounded by servants, he quietly fainted away, for he was dreadfully burned.

A week after, Mary and her father called at the Temple.

Jack was sitting up, but his hands were still in cotton-wool, so that he could not offer one to his visitors.

But the old man patted him on the head, called him a brave fellow, and then left Mary, saying he'd call in half an hour, he had business in the Law Courts.

"How did you come to save me that night?" said Mary. "I have been trying to think, but I can't."

"It was a mere chance. I was going away, and I thought I'd like to see the house once more."

"Going away! why?" she asked, softly.

"Because I thought you were going to marry Mr. Wentworth."

"You silly!" and she laughed like a child. "I am not going to marry any one, Jack, till I'm asked."

Jack held out his wool-encumbered hands mutely, and Mary took them and covered them with kisses.

Then they were both silent for a few minutes, while the truth sank deeply into his mind that Mary Chalfont loved him, not Harry, and that by his chance walk to Hampstead that night he had won her for his wife.

MEN do more things from custom than from reason.

Scientific and Useful.

FROM SEAWEED.—It is found that the seaweed known as wrack, can be made to yield, by treatment with mineral acids, a substance quite resembling horn capable of being manufactured into forms pigments. This substance is called algin, from algæ, the generic name of one common species of seaweed. The crude material is obtainable in large quantities on all exposed shores.

THE TRACK.—An electric horse chronometer has been invented. The movement is controlled by a current opened and closed by the breaking of an almost microscopic copper wire stretched across the track. It is said to record to the 1-500 of a second.

DOGS IN MINES.—It is now claimed that dogs may be used in mines not only to draw small carts, but to patrol the mines and detect the presence of gas. They can be made to go through the mine and return, and the latter will be a favorable indication.

IRON AND RUST.—A new invention, it is said, will protect iron from rust. Ordinary oil paint, mixed with 10 per cent. of burned magnesia, baryta or strontia, as well as mineral oil, neutralizes the free acid of the paint, and the alkaline reaction protects the iron from rust.

TEA LEAVES.—Save the spent tea leaves for a few days, then steep them in a tin pail or pan for half an hour; strain through a sieve, and use the tea for all varnished paints. It requires very little elbow polish as the tea gets as a strong detergent, cleansing the paint from all impurities and making it equal to new. It cleanses windows and sashes and oilcloths; indeed, any varnished surface is improved by its application. It washes window panes and mirrors much better than water, and is excellent for cleaning black walnut and looking-glass frames. It will not do to wash unvarnished paint with it.

SUN BATTERIES.—A report is going the rounds that a German electrician has invented a battery which will do wonders if its plans could only be fully carried out. The electric battery is to be worked by sunlight mostly, if not entirely, and the cost of the other elements could be reduced to a minimum. If cheap and portable accumulators could be made for storing the electricity the sunlight of a single summer could be made to store up force enough to drive all the mills and railroads for years.

MOROCCO.—The lustre of morocco is restored by varnishing it with the white of an egg. Apply with a sponge.

Farm and Garden.

FARMERS AND HEALTH.—The causes of sickness among farmers are summarized to the following effect: "1. Overwork and exposure, the women being more frequently overworked. 2. Improper and improperly cooked food. 3. Damp location of dwellings. 4. Want of cleanliness about their houses, especially in reference to drains, cellars and proximity to barnyards and hogpens. 5. Impure drinking water, largely due to the preceding cause. 6. Bedrooms imperfectly ventilated and on the ground floor, with too general use of feather beds.

BUGS.—A practical gardener gives the following directions for killing bugs: Take the leaves and stems of the tomato plant and boil them in water until the juice is all extracted. When the liquid is cold it is to be sprinkled over the plants attacked with insects, when it at once destroys caterpillars, black and green flies, gnats, lice and other enemies to vegetables, and in no way impairs the growth of the plants. A peculiar odor remains and prevents insects from coming again for a long time. Everybody give it a trial and see how nice it works.

MILKERS.—A large udder is commonly regarded as a sign of a good milker, but excessive size indicates a deposit of flesh which is of no advantage, but rather a burden for the overweighted animal to carry. If the milk veins are well developed the cow will be a good milker and the udder will be as large as is of any advantage.

SLUGS.—Pear slugs feed on the epidermis of the leaves and live on the ribs of the leaf. The following year the tree will not bear a full crop. Dry dust or powdered lime thrown on the leaves, or sulphur and powdered lime, destroy them. Thorough washing with whale oil soap and sulphur is the best.

CHANGE OF CROPS.—The low price of potatoes will probably drive many out of the business who have recently begun growing this vegetable. There is a certain class of farmers who change their crops every few years, and the result is that they usually go into a crop just as it is being overdone and go out when prices are on the upward turn. A uniform system, growing as large a variety of crops as possible is much the safest, and in the long run most profitable. Those who have made money in growing potatoes in other years have no good reason for being discouraged now.

SHARP TOOLS.—Farmers are advised to keep their tools sharp. Dull scythes or mowing-machine knives do bad work and require extra strength to make them work at all. A bright hoe with a sharp edge will do nearly double the work in a day that can be done with a rusty tool with battered edge. Especially provide the boys with good tools. It will help to save them from discontent with the farm work, and from leaving it to "make their fortune"—or more likely mar it—in the city.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 4, 1884.

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—or,—

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SEEING AND NOT SEEING.

Physical blindness is one of the saddest afflictions of humanity, and bespeaks universal sympathy. In fact, we do not know who are most to be pitied, those who, having seen the glories of earth and sky, and the faces of their kind, are painfully aware of all they have lost, or those who, having never seen at all, have no conception of the outside world beyond that which comes to them through the sense of touch and hearing.

But in real, every-day life there are a great many people who, while having the full use of their visual organs, contrive to be practically as blind as so many bats, and literally do not see a single inch beyond the points of their own noses.

The husband who does not see that his wife is tired, and goes on asking her to do this, that, and the other, which he might just as well do himself, has no eyes; and the wife who cannot discern when her lord and master would fain be quiet and at peace, is equally minus these marvelously useful organs.

Then, again, the people who go through life absorbed in their own personality, or even in their lawful occupations, are terribly numerous. To them a tree is a tree, or a primrose is simply a yellow primrose—nothing more.

A stranger in a western country once asked a group of women, returning from market, a few questions, and added, "What a lovely view you have here!"

They followed the direction of his eyes, but there was no response, and one of the younger ones asked her neighbor what he meant.

These people had no eye for nature. On the other hand, there are some who have eyes for everything in the natural world, and observe so much more than their neighbors that they may well be called seers. Of such are poets and artists, and of such are the men who discover new continents, or new sources of wealth.

The member of the family circle who has no eyes is almost sure to be a mischief-maker or a drone. Words are spoken at the wrong time, or with the wrong accent, just for lack of perception.

Small things are left unobserved or undone just because they are not seen, and, since someone must do them, they become the last straws in the burden of someone who has eyes, and strives to do what others have neglected.

Then there are none so blind as those who won't see. Anne will not observe that John and Lucy wish for a five minutes' tete-a-tete, as is natural with lovers, but insists on claiming the attention of one or the other of them.

Mary will not notice that her little brother Tom is restless and fidgetty for want of someone to have a game with him, because she wishes to go on with her book.

Master No-Eyes is never backward in announcing that he must have a new coat, while his father uncomplainingly wears one that is threadbare; and Miss No-Eyes frequently declares that she must have a new winter dress, while her mother turns hers for the second time.

No-Eyes is evidently an unsatisfactory member of society wherever he or she is to found, and it is perfectly refreshing to turn and contemplate the pleasant figure of Eyes.

Eyes, if she be feminine, always has father's or husband's slippers ready when he comes home, and is never known to let grandmamma be without her footstool. Eyes is a peacemaker, and always smooths down the rough places in the social seam by a few pleasant words, or by turning the subject or creating a diversion when too near an approach is made to quicksands. Eyes supplies little wants, unasked, by mere force of observation.

Eyes makes the best of odds and ends by dint of seeing where they will be the most useful. Eyes sees when a turn of the tide is coming, and either takes advantage of it to rise on the wave's crest, or avoids its downward flow by foresight.

Eyes discovers precisely where to put that stitch in time which saves an indefinite number of future stitches, and is never taken unawares by evil fortune.

Eyes spies the old horse-shoe in the road, and turns it into a luck penny; and Eyes puts the crook in the lot as far out of sight as may be, and keeps a keen lookout for the blessings that brighten it.

And in consequence of all these things Eyes gets a great deal of satisfaction out of life, while No-Eyes goes wearily on and misses the best points of a whole existence.

SANCTUM CHAT.

FEW people reflect upon the fact that the Indians are the richest landholders in the United States. There are 237,066 of them, exclusive of the Alaska Indians, holding 151,397,768 acres of land. Some of the tribes own 8,000 acres per Indian. The average is about one square mile to each Indian, while a white man is not allowed to pre-empt more than one hundred and sixty acres of the public land.

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THE faces of Europeans, as a rule, are broader than those of Americans. The common distance in this country between the centres of the eyes is three and three-eighths inches, but among foreigners it is three inches and a half. Sometimes this is increased from one to three-eighths of an inch more. If spectacles are worn with the frames too narrow, the focus of one eye conflicts with that of the other, and an effect is produced very similar to that of being cross-eyed.

—

ROLLED gold is made by casting an ingot of brass, and while this is still hot pouring upon it a thin layer of gold alloy. The ingot when cold is forced between steel rollers until a long thin ribbon is produced, of which the proportion of gold and brass is the same as of the ingot. The percentage of gold is reduced as low as two and three per cent. This rolled gold is used in making cheap bracelets and watch chains, and costs but little more than brass. It wears from one to ten years.

—

AN American, who has recently traveled over India, writes: "I found that the average pay of a farm laborer was five rupees a month, or, at the present depreciated value of silver, about $2.00. Out of this sum the laborer supports himself and family. If wheat-growing becomes general, the Caucasian races can ill afford to compete in the market with a product that is so cheaply raised. The possible area for wheat cultivation is immense. In considering the possible product from this great wheat territory, the fact must be borne in mind that the soil is very rich, and that at least two crops can be raised on it every year."

—

AN individual who represented himself as a "scientist" has been amusing the medical journals with descriptions of his method for the cure of all diseases. It consists of no less formidable a process than the complete filtering of the patient's blood—in a vacuum—and thereby removing all deleterious substances. He applies one mouth of the machine to an artery and the other to a vein, and, as he remarks, "the blood's got to go through my filter or the man'll die." The doctors are kind to him, his language is good, he asks for nothing, and he believes he is going to save the human race.

—

CRAB racing is one of the latest diversions in vogue at some of the seaside resorts in France. The crabs are duly broken in and trained, being afterwards marked on their shells with the initials or crest of their respective owners. The racecourse extends over about seventeen yards, the winning post being a rope stretched along the sands as near the sea as possible. The crabs are placed in a row in an opposite direction, each "jockey" holding his own in until the signal for the race is given by the starter, the umpire being at his post, and the spectators seated in a circle to watch the proceedings.

—

AUSTRIAN mercantile and financial citizens are sorely troubled in consequence of a recent Imperial decree, according to which "the conferment of the decoration of the orders of Leopold, St. Stephen, and the Iron Crown shall no longer of itself entail the rank of nobility or the title of Excellency." Those who are acquainted with the title craze in the Austrian monarchy will not be greatly astonished to learn that there are at the present time no less than four hundred petitions awaiting the pleasure of the Emperor. The above decree strikes disappointment and terror into the ranks of the decoration hunters, but it is highly satisfactory to the members of the historic aristocracy.

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IT may not be generally known that there is a society in this country known as the "Shut Ins." It is composed of people who are confined to their homes by chronic diseases, who are not, however, incapacitated from writing and reading. Through the efforts of this society, "Shut Ins" are introduced to each other by letter, and many pleasant friendships are formed in this way, and many a weary hour whiled away by the writing and reading of letters. Sometimes a "Shut In" so far recovers that he or she can go out of town to visit another with whom he has become acquainted by letter, and who has not been so fortunate in bodily improvement.

—

IN nothing is the Western freedom from conventionalism more striking than in the latitude given young women in their amusements. The typical far Western girl would doubtless shock her more subdued sisters of the East in many things. She hunts, fishes, camps out, rides and tramps with all the relish shown by the sterner sex, and in not a few of the accomplishments is she the equal of any of the men. Visitors from the East have often been seriously embarrassed on finding that their charming companions of the parlor or the lawn could load and shoot a gun as well as a rifleman, mount and ride a horse like a trooper, or climb mountains with untiring limb.

—

THE foreign population plays a not unimportant part in our national life. The anticipation of next fall's election has awakened a special interest in the strength of this portion of our heterogeneous population. Of the 50,000,000 people given by the census of 1880 as the population of the United States, nearly 7,000,000 were foreign born, and included 37 nationalities, counting Germany, Great Britain, and British America each as one nationality. The principal divisions of foreign-born population were as follows: Germany, 1,966,742; Ireland, 1,832,490; England, 662,676; Canada, 717,676. These amounted to 5,179,584. Of course, many children born in this country, especially of non-English speaking foreign-born parents, are practically foreigners themselves. The colored population now numbers over 6,000,000, so that of the white population of the United States over 15 per cent. are foreign born—no insignificant proportion.

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UP to the beginning of the present century divorces were but few, and about the middle of this period they began to increase alarmingly. In the New England States, during the year 1849, there were only 94 divorces; the next year there were 120. In 1854 the number reached 299, and increased until in 1864 we find 436 divorces granted. During the past fifteen years there has been one divorce to every fifteen marriages in the State of Massachusetts; one to every thirteen in Vermont; one to nine in Rhode Island, and one to less than eight in Connecticut. In 1880 there were 510 divorces granted in the State of Maine. Population has increased 50 per cent.; divorce has increased 150 per cent. Ohio, with one divorce to every seven marriages, stands worst upon the list, whilst Chicago grants one to every twelve.

—

CONTROVERSY has been started as to why women button their clothes from right to left, and men from left to right. It has led to an elaborate display of learning and wit. One writer declares that men have buttoned from left to right since the earliest Assyrian dynasties. Another asserts that the mode of buttoning distinguishes the Mussulman and the Hindoo in India, while a third says that the writer need not go so far as India for an illustration, as the women of America are recognizable by the male system of buttoning from left to right. The ladies of New Orleans, who held to the other fashion till a recent period, did so because of the French colonization of Louisiana. A lady insists that her sex button from right to left because the dressmakers so fix their dresses, and denies that man has any right to draw invidious inferences.

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TAKING fifteen years as the minimum, there were in 1882 10,500,000 persons in England and Wales of marriageable age. Of these 8,750,000 were unmarried, and 1,500,000 widows or widowers. The number of married women under 20 years of age was nearly six times that of married men under that age, and the number of women under 25 years of age who were married was nearly double that of the men under that age who had entered the holy estate. There were 72,000, or 4½ per cent. more bachelors between 15 and 25 years of age than there were spinsters, and of spinsters over 35 years of age there were 130,000, or 33 per cent. more than of bachelors. The preponderance of widows over widowers again is remarkable. The census returns show this to be unmistakably the case. There were in 1881 close upon 1,000,000 widows; 57,000 were under 35 years of age. In Ireland and Scotland the number of widows was in each case three times that of widowers.

—

EDMUND BURKE'S idea of a perfect wife was that she is handsome, but it is not beauty arising from the features, from complexion, or from shape. She has all three in a high degree, but it is not by these that she touches the heart—it is all that sweetness of temper, benevolence, innocence, and sensibility which a face can express, that forms her beauty. She has a face that just arouses your attention at first. Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe when she pleases; they command, like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue. Her stature is not tall, she is not made to the admiration of every one, but the happiness of one. She has the firmness that does not exclude delicacy—all of the softness that does not imply weakness. Her voice is soft, low music, not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd; it has its advantage—you must come close to hear it. To describe her body, describe her mind—one is the transcript of the other. Her understanding is not shown in the variety of matter it exerts itself upon, but the goodness of the choice she makes. Her politeness flows rather from a natural disposition to oblige, than any rules on that subject, and therefore never fails to strike those who understand good breeding, and those who do not.

SONGLESS.

BY R. W. BOND.

Sweet little maid, whose golden-tippled head
Between me and my grief its beauty rears,
With quick demand for song—all singing's dead,
My heart is sad; mine eyes are dimmed with tears.

Oh, ask me not for songs! I cannot sing:
My ill-tuned notes would do sweet music wrong;
I have no smile to greet the laughing spring,
No voice to join in summer's tide of song.

More from October's dying glory takes
My heart its hymn; and fuller sympathy
Finds with the autumn hurricane that makes
The forest one convulsive agony.

Or, when the last brown leaves in winter fall,
While all the earth in grim frost-fetters lies,
I envy them the snowflake's gentle pall,
That hides their sorrows from the frowning skies.

Methinks it would be sweet like them to rest—
O'er life's mad scene to pull the curtain down;
Rest, where no weary dream will pierce the breast
Of perished love or unfulfilled renown:

No weariness of patient work uncrowned
By its reward; no earthly hopes destroyed;
No vain desires, nor things desired and found
Void of enjoyment when at last enjoyed.

Perchance when mist of intervening years
Softens the Past—as oft at close of day
The far grim range all beautiful appears,
Kissed into brightness by the sunset ray;

When the sharp pang of bitter memories born,
Has lost its sting, and this present pain
Shows like some ill dream in the light of morn,
I'll sing thee o'er the olden songs again.

In a Haunted House.

BY E. F. SPENCER.

SPRING was coming in early.

In our close London home, Hilda, Gervase and I longed for a change to the country.

We studied long lists of advertisements daily in vain; they were all entirely too dear.

One morning my brother looked up from his paper at the breakfast-table, and exclaimed—

"Here it is, girls! An earthly paradise. And for three whole months, rent free, and everything!"

He read out the description.

"The Glass House, in Midlandshire, the property of a gentleman resident of the Continent."

The house would be let, or rather, the left wing of the house would be let, rent free, for three months, to any respectable tenant who would undertake to care for the shut-up rooms, reserved by the family.

"Rent free!" said Hilda, who, though an artist by profession, like our brother Gervase, is a practical little body. "There must be something very wrong about the place."

"Shall we go and find out what it is, and earn the lifelong gratitude of the gentleman on the Continent by putting it to rights?" asked Gervase.

Yes, Hilda and I were wild to go to the place.

And we gave Gervase no peace until he set out for the office of the solicitor, whose address appeared in the advertisement.

He came back home in time for luncheon.

"It is a case of ghosts," he declared, solemnly.

"Ghosts! What nonsense," exclaimed Hilda.

"I am sure of it, by the way in which that lawyer stammered and hesitated over the business. The house belongs to Sir Rufus Saxon and bears a queer name; in short, is said to be haunted.

"When the lawyer heard there were ladies in the case his long face grew longer still.

"He thought we ought to have a manservant with us, as it is a very lonely place. Where can we find one?"

"I can do that," said I. "We will take Mr. and Mrs. Mark."

And my brother and sister laughed at the names.

That evening I paid a visit to a small house in a smaller terrace, in the vicinity of the King's Road, Chelsea.

There lodged in it a working builder's foreman and his second wife, who had been cook in a gentleman's family.

The man, improvident, like too many of his kind, had made no provision for the "rainy day," which had lately come upon him in the shape of a severe injury to his right hand.

The woman, who had bestowed herself and her savings upon him in an hour of infatuation, was infatuated still, and was secretly jealous of him, of his daughter, and also of all the relatives of his deceased wife.

Possibly her jealousy was not always unfounded, for he was good-looking, and was made much of by the damsels of their acquaintance.

They gladly accepted the temporary situation I had come to offer.

Mrs. Mark detained me in the passage when I was leaving.

"I'm sure, Miss A., I shall be for ever grateful to you for thinking of us," she said, with an apprehensive glance at the parlor door. "Words can't express how I am worried between his being out of work and them hussies that are always running after a handsome man like him. Not to speak of his sisters and his young married daughter who are always dropping in promiscuous just to pick holes in the way I manage.

"We will be at the station to meet you any day you name, miss, and glad and thankful shall I be to go."

Poor Eliza Mark!

It really seemed cruel to smile over her troubles as I made my way home.

Her husband, who was about forty, slightly younger than she was, and gay in manner, might try her.

But she had a warm, true heart, and all the elements of tragedy as well as of comedy were sweltered in that humble home at Chelsea.

Some days later, our party of five alighted at Dulworth station beneath a cold grey sky.

The station was an uncovered platform, with a box at one end where lamps and stray luggage were kept in company with a melancholy porter.

He opened his eyes wide when we inquired how we were to reach "The Glass House."

Just then the station-master emerged from a small room at the other end of the platform.

He, too, seemed struck dumb by the question.

"You should have booked for Dulford instead of Dulworth," he said, at last. "The Glass House is three miles from here by the road, and less than two by the field path.

"But, if you'll excuse me, sir," he added, turning to Gervase, "I wouldn't take ladies there with the night coming on; I wouldn't, indeed. It is not a fit place for Christians to go to; that's the truth about the old house."

"We have come down to live in it, and to make it fit for Christians," replied Gervase, suppressing a laugh. "If you can get a cart for the servants and the luggage, we will walk the field way."

The station-master possessed a cart and a pony.

There was nobody to drive it, except his brother.

His brother was afflicted—in fact, he was deaf and dumb.

"The very thing," said Gervase aside to us. "He cannot frighten John Mark and his wife by telling tales to them on the way."

We waited to see them off, and then started ourselves.

In the short lane, after emerging from the last field, we met the cart returning home.

The deaf and dumb driver pointed back to the tall iron gates of the park, and shook his head frowningly.

Turning back to look, we saw him standing up in the cart to watch us as we entered.

Gervase locked the gates behind us and pocketed the key.

Then he stretched up his long arm—he was unusually tall and thin—and unhung the huge clanging bell, setting it down under the high hedge, where it would not be seen.

"We have a hamper of provisions with us, girls," he said; "for a day or two we will shut out the world and its gossips, and find out the bearings of the place for ourselves. Eh, Kate?"

"Yes," I answered approvingly. "It would not do to let Mrs. Mark be frightened at the onset; she might be even more scared than she is at her husband's admirers."

We passed up a long and very wide avenue, shaded by a double row of splendid elms.

At its end the road swept round a spacious lawn to a terrace with marble vases and marble steps.

The vases, the steps, and the second flight leading to the double-leaved hall door were thickly overgrown with moss.

Beyond the lawn on the right a dark lake extended into a wood that was darker still.

The house looked like a monastery, with its thick grey stone walls and its arched doors and windows.

Most of the rooms were closed with shutters.

A gleam of light, through the lower casements of the left wing of the house, was the one only element of cheerfulness in the scene.

As we stood on the terrace, with the grey dusk shutting down around us, and about to turn to the house, the gate bell (which Gervase had silenced) rang out very loudly.

We looked at each other.

An eerie feeling crept over me.

I gazed at the black lake and forest, and began to wish that Sir Rufus Saxon had never advertised for tenants for The Glass House.

John Mark and his wife came together to the door, in answer to its small bell, which we rang.

They looked puzzled at seeing us so soon after the loud summons, knowing that the great bell hung at the park gate.

Gervase detained Mrs. Mark to show her the key in his hand.

"I have locked the gate, you see. The young country lasses down here are very handsome; I don't think we want them in here."

"Oh, sir! No, indeed!" said she.

"Then let them ring till they are tired," he replied.

The bell had not rung again; only that one mysterious peal; and we heard no more of it.

Mrs. Mark soon sent in an excellent supper, and our rooms were thoroughly well warmed by the good fires her husband had made.

At ten o'clock we retired.

Our first night in a haunted house was a night of serene and undisturbed repose.

The following day was again grey and gloomy, but we managed to get out between its showers and look about us.

It was a beautiful place, in spite of all the dulness and silence that overshadowed it.

Towards evening the clouds cleared away, giving place to a lovely moonlit night.

Nothing uncanny disturbed us through that day or through the night.

Gervase locked his revolver away in a drawer.

Hilda laughed the ghosts to scorn.

* * * * * *

"Can I speak to you, if you please, Miss Kate?"

It was on the second morning after breakfast that this request came to me from Mrs. Mark.

I followed her to the kitchen.

Mark was in the garden, digging up vegetables.

She wanted to complain to me that some one had entered the previous evening in spite of the locked gates.

"There were two of them, Miss Kate," she said, half mournfully, half fearfully, "wrapt in long disguising cloaks, and pacing up and down yonder, outside this window. Wicked, designing creatures! Pounds and pounds of my savings have I lost through Johnny's business misfortunes, and I forgave it; but to stand by and see him run after like this is more than a poor woman can stand."

"But I think you must be mistaken," I returned, revolving possibilities and impossibilities over in my mind. "Nobody could get in."

"Miss Kate, I saw them; I watched them," she said, impressively; "the night was as light as day. When young women are that forward that they'll come dangling after a handsome man at any price, it's not a locked gate that will keep 'em away. I did hope for peace here; but you see how soon they have found him out! Two curious looking figures it was, mincing about there on the lawn in the moonlight, the one taller than the other, and their ugly black cloaks and hoods covering their shawls and petticoats from the head to the heels."

I did not like it.

Johnny's charms would never induce previously unknown girls to pace the damp grass on a cold spring night, however bright might be the moonbeams.

Besides, how could they get into the park?

The large gates were fast, and there was absolutely no other way of entrance whatever.

Evening came.

I determined to watch.

Saying nothing about it, I stole out to the terrace.

Who were these disguised people?

The moon again shone full in a dark-blue sky, and the stars were bright.

A chill wind blew over the lake, presaging a storm.

The light from the parlor windows streamed across my path as I paced up and down.

As I came and went, I saw Gervase and Hilda reading in the warmth of the parlor fire.

Through the uncurtained casement of the kitchen I could also see our servants.

Eliza Mark was doing something at the table.

John was reading aloud to her from a weekly newspaper they had brought from London.

Suddenly I saw in the kitchen a tall, indistinct figure muffled completely in a long black cloak.

Its face was entirely hidden under the hood.

It stood behind Eliza.

She started, and looked over her shoulder.

Then the figure glided towards her husband.

The paper dropped from his hand.

With an uneasy glance around he drew his chair nearer to his wife and to the fire, picked up the paper, and then went on reading.

The figure disappeared.

"My short-sighted eyes have played me another trick," I said to myself, trying to reassure my beating heart.

But, as I turned to resume my walk, the figure stood beside me!

Once, in mid-ocean, the ship in which I sailed was enveloped by an intense and terrible cold, and the sailors said (with truth) that an iceberg was drawing near us.

Just such a mortal chill, like the cold of the dead in their lonely graves, emanated from the object at my side!

A vault-like odor filled the air.

I stood motionless—unable to cry, or call for Gervase—feeling only that my heart would certainly stop beating if the figure stirred.

And, while I gazed, helplessly, the thing was gone!

I scarcely knew how I gained the parlor.

I fancied something entered with me and passed in as I opened wide the parlor door.

I said nothing about it to Gervase and Hilda.

Great gusts of wind began to wail and moan across the lake.

The branches of the trees below the terrace clashed together in a fury.

The deep-set windows of our sitting-room shook in their frames as if an unseen hand were trying to drive them in.

But the room was very cheerful.

Sir Rufus Saxon had left good stores of fuel for his tenants.

Dry clumps of wood mixed with blocks of coal burnt upon the hearth, and the flames blazed half-way up the chimney.

There was not a shaded corner in all the room.

"We are living rent free, in the midst of mystery, romance, antiquity, and beauty," observed Gervase, closing his book, "and we ought to make capital out of it. Kate, if you can conjure up a Christmas story in one volume, Hilda and I will illustrate it, and we will share the profits equally. And if nothing short of a ghost will suit the public, let us invent one."

As he spoke, I saw the dark, shrouded figure standing behind his chair.

The air became laden with that strange odor, and the deathly chill seemed to fill the room.

Gervase looked around nervously, as if he expected to see something.

Shuddering all over, he pulled his chair sharply further away from the wall, and looked behind it before he sat down on it again.

"How horribly cold this room has grown since the wind rose," exclaimed Hilda. "And what a peculiar smell! Gervase, what can it be?"

A second figure, draped in black, was now standing at her side, invisible to them, but plainly evident to me.

"Something is wrong," began Gervase, in a sort of perplexity.

He stopped short to heap more fuel on the fire.

"I feel as if the North Pole had come to pay us a visit," laughed Hilda, cowering over the blaze. "I hope the drainage is all right."

"John Mark and I will look to that to-morrow," concluded Gervase, glancing round the room again.

The figures had vanished.

The oppressive odor and the deathly chill were gone.

Gervase and Hilda, recovering their equanimity, began to discuss their sketches for the Christmas book.

I noticed that my brother made no further illusion to "the Ghost."

We retired at our usual time.

I expected to lie awake for hours.

The moment my head touched the pillow I was asleep.

In the middle of the night I woke suddenly as if a hand touched me.

Hilda was sleeping soundly.

Our room was a double-bedded one.

I could see her quiet face by the light of the moon, as it came out from behind a cloud.

In the silent house—in the shut-up rooms of the Saxon family—I plainly heard footsteps.

A woman's voice, low and sweet, spoke first.

A man's deeper tones answered.

Then came the sound of bitter wailing and weeping.

And the footsteps went wearily up and down, and up and down, until the morning dawned.

And still I said nothing of what I had seen and heard.

I wanted to be more certain; I wanted to find things out.

Hilda was not very strong in health, either, and should not be needlessly frightened.

In the afternoon, while my brother and sister were busy with their pencils, I went into the closed rooms to look around.

The walls were mostly of black oak, exquisitely carved.

Some of the upper chambers had tapestry hangings.

In the lower apartments were spindle-legged chairs, tables, and sofas; with Japanese cabinets of curious china, worth its weight in gold in these esthetic days.

No tenant, as we afterwards heard, no caretaker, no servant could be induced to remain there.

And so the tapestry hangings, the velvet curtains, the embroidered covering of the chairs, tables, and sofas, were slowly fading and mouldering away for the want of care.

I crossed a great banqueting hall, with a painted ceiling and a musician's gallery suspended from a wall.

Opening an arched door beneath this gallery, I found myself in a vaulted corridor, lighted from above by skylights, and hung with the portraits of the Saxon family.

They were a handsome, stately race; fair, with blue eyes and golden hair, as beseemed their name.

At the lower end of the corridor, facing the door, I came upon two portraits in a double frame, placed quite apart from the rest, and utterly unlike them.

A lovely woman attired in the garb of a nun, with sorrow and heart-break looking out from her beautiful dark-grey eyes; and a tall, stalwart man of thirty, dark as a Spaniard, wearing the armor of a knight.

His large dark eyes were bent upon the lady, his face was sad and stern, clouded with the disappointment of a restless and unsatisfied heart.

On a double shield above the portraits were carved the names, "Sir Raphael and Lady Aloysia Saxon."

While a single shield below the frame bore, in raised black letters, the strange and terrible legend:

"DOOMED, BUT TOGETHER."

I could hear the roar of the wind among the trees beyond the lake.

A heavy rain came beating down upon the skylight roof.

Yet still I stood there, gazing at the picture.

The gallery darkened, and the coloring of the picture grew obscure.

Suddenly a sensation as of a great fear came over me, and I made all haste to depart.

In crossing the banqueting hall, on my way back to the western wing, I turned to glance up at the music gallery, though I know not why.

It was no longer empty.

The two figures stood there, a dull, strange light shining around them.

In its gleam, as the long dark garments floated aside, I though I saw the shining of armor, and the white wimple and black veil of a nun.

Dinner was ready in the parlour.

And after dinner, Gervase and Hilda, wishing they could drown the noise of the storm that was raging outside, again opened their beloved sketch books. I left them to it.

Mrs. Mark passed me in the hall, with a beaming face.

"No fear of them hussies this evening, I'm glad to say, Miss Kate," she remarked. "Even for my Johnny, they'd not come trapesing about here such a night as this, when the wind's howling like mad. I can give my mind to his reading without worriting myself about them."

"Of course you can."

Unable to rest, I had come out to wander uneasily about the spacious hall, wondering what ought to be done, and what would come of it.

By and by, I took Gervase's thick plaid from the stand and putting it on, over my own waterproof, let myself silently out at the porch door, which was not the large entrance door, and stood on the terrace, in the storm.

The sweep of cold fresh air and the steady rainfall calmed my eyes and cooled my brain.

I began to hope, almost to think, that the half of what I had seen was but imagination; I felt glad that I had kept my own counsel, thus far.

If these were really only foolish and superstitious fancies, hard work, such as Gervase and Hilda were beginning to do, and I meant to begin on the morrow, would speedily dispel them.

My eyes were bent upon the ground as I turned towards the house mentally debating the question.

On the very first step of the porch, the icy cold, the deathly odor enveloped me like a garment.

Looking up, I saw the two dark figures facing me, within reach of my hand; and I knew them for the doomed pair.

The cloaks seemed to fall back.

I saw the glistening armor of the knight; I saw the purple robe of the nun, a bleeding heart, surrounded by golden rays, embroidered on its breast.

I saw them by the palest, strangest light that ever shone on mortal eyes.

The porch was dark.

No ray from kitchen or parlor windows could shine upon this part of the terrace.

Those unearthly faces were revealed at last, and were those I had admired in the painting; the stern, brave, handsome knight's, the sweet and lovely one of the nun: but alas! as they looked at me here they were the faces of the dead.

But a second, as it seemed, and they were gone; the figures and the pale light had vanished.

How I got in I know not.

I managed to open the parlor door quietly and beckon to Gervase.

He came out, one of the wax lights in his hand.

"Why, what is the matter with you, Kate?" he asked. "You look white and scared. You are trembling."

"Gervase! Come with me, before Hilda misses us. I want you to tell me whether I am awake or dreaming, mad or sane."

Grasping his arm for protection, I led him to the picture gallery, and held the candle up in silence before the two portraits.

"Sir Raphael and Lady Aloysia Saxon," read Gervase. "And what is this below? 'Doomed, but Together.' What in the world can that mean, Kate?"

"I know not. I dare not attempt to guess," I answered. And there, standing before the picture, I told him all. Of course no one will be surprised to hear that he heard it with the most entire and mortifying incredulity.

We went back to the banqueting hall; into its vast, silent, open space.

A pale light, the light I had seen before, shone in the music gallery.

"Hallos! what's that?" cried Gervase. "A light, up there!"

"What is the light, Gervase? What is it like?"

"I don't know; I never saw anything the least like it," he answered with hesitation. "Come away, come away, Kate!" he went on in an altered tone. "For heaven's sake don't look up there!"

I did look; I was already looking.

The two figures stood there with their dead faces.

"Come away!" repeated Gervase, throwing his arm around my waist.

The candle dropped from my trembling hand, and was extinguished in the fall; the terror, suppressed before, was shaking me now.

In an agony I clung to him and hid my eyes upon his arm.

"Bear up, Katie; don't faint; I can find the door!" he said, bravely.

But I could hear the beating of his heart, as he felt his way through the black darkness of the room.

"Kate! Gervase!" cried Hilda's voice outside, as he laid his hand upon the door. "Why do you not answer me? You must know I am frightened, knocking for you here in the dark."

"We are here, all right: the candle is out," said Gervase, unfastening the door, and throwing it open. "There is nothing to be frightened at, Hilda. Don't look up."

In his agitation he spoke the warning unthinkingly, as Hilda pushed past us into the room.

"Don't look up?" she repeated in a puzzled tone; and naturally, woman-like, the very injunction caused her to look. The next instant she screamed, and fell fainting into Gervase's arms.

The scream brought forward Mrs. Mark. Her voice was heard, energetically asking if anything was amiss.

"No," shouted Gervase. "Keep the door open. We are coming."

But Mrs. Mark, influenced by her ruling passion, could only come to one conclusion—that some of her husband's new admirers had gained entrance to the closed apartments.

Nothing would have kept her back.

As she came rushing through the long drawing-room with her candle, and we walked forward, a cold wind seemed to pass us from the door of the banqueting hall. And between us and our irate housekeeper appeared the two dark, shrouded forms.

"Why, there they are, ma'am! There they are, sir, just as I saw 'em, the two together, strolling afore our window on the grass-plat. Well, if this don't beat all for impudence that I ever did see! Miss Kate——"

The dark figures turned to her, no longer dark.

The ghastly light was shining around them, illuminating the steel of the armor, the robes of the nun, and the two dead faces.

With a more terrible scream than Hilda had given, Mrs Mark backed a step; fascinated by the step she was unable to turn and flee.

Her rubicund face became deadly white, then changed to a dull yellow.

"What does it mean?" she gasped.

The taller of the figures stretched forth his mailed arm, his skeleton hand, towards the door with a commanding gesture.

"Depart!" it said, as plainly as silent motion can speak. "Depart, and trouble us no more."

Any way, Gervase so understood it.

"Yes, and without delay," he said, as we got back, all in a heap, to the parlor.

Nobody thought of sleep that night.

By eight o'clock the next morning all things were packed, and Mrs. Mark, looking very pale and subdued, made coffee for us in the house for the last time.

Her husband had gone betimes to bring a cart and a fly to carry us away.

"I knew you'd not stay there long, sir," observed the station-master to Gervase, when he was taking the tickets to return to town. "Lots of people have tried it, but they all fly away again.

* * * * *

I was with Gervase when he went to deliver up the key to the solicitor who had let him the house.

That gentleman listened to our report in silence.

"Well," said he at last, "I am glad you are safely out of it."

"Why do you let it to anybody?" asked Gervase.

"By direction of Sir Rufus Saxon. He has an idea—it is a tradition, I believe—that a stranger can, and some time will, break the spell that lies over it. I am told also, I expect with truth, that for months together nothing wrong will be heard or seen; and then the—the figures—just as you describe them—appear for a time again."

"What was the crime—if it was a crime,—that doomed them to walk in this way sir?" I put in.

The lawyer shook his head.

"I do not rightly know, young lady. Rumors have certainly reached me: in fact, Sir Rufus has said a word or two in confidence; but the honor of a noble knightly family, otherwise irreproachable, seals my lips."

Ingratitude.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

"SISTER AGNES!"

Mrs Spencer was all attention in a moment.

When her brother-in-law addressed her in this formal manner, she knew that some communication of importance was to follow.

Her three daughters, Lily, Grace, and Rose, exceptionally plain in face, and unprepossessing in manner, also assumed airs of close and deferential attention.

For Joseph Spencer was very rich.

He had come to Rock Hill from some part of the country of which he always spoke as the "coal regions," and invested large amounts in various ways in the flourishing seaport town, where his only brother had made unfortunate speculations, and died, leaving four "unprotected females" impoverished.

Joseph had appeared in the guise of a beneficent angel, and taken them from the little cottage where they earned a scanty and precarious living, and established them in the handsome house he had purchased at Rock Hill.

They were all ladies of uncertain age, hovering round their thirties and forties, the mother owning to fifty-seven, and they were all slavishly anxious to conciliate their Uncle Joseph, a widower with one child, a little girl ten years old, of whose mother the bereaved husband could not speak without deep emotion.

He was a man past fifty, with a tall figure, carried with an erect, soldierly air, hair streaked with grey, but curling and abundant, handsome features, and brown eyes, as soft as a woman's.

He was pleasant-tempered to a fault, generous and kind-hearted, and gave to Maude, his only child, a love but little removed from worship.

"Sister Agnes," he said, softly stroking an open letter in his hand, and letting his toast and coffee stand unheeded, "I have some very painful news in this letter. A cousin of my late wife, of whom we were both very fond, widowed many years ago, has died, leaving a daughter quite penniless and alone. I have not seen her for seven years; then she was a child of twelve or thirteen, but I know she is accomplished and carefully trained by a good mother. She has written to me for counsel, knowing I took a deep interest in her mother. I shall ask her to come here as Maude's governess."

"Oh, dear uncle" said Lily, "I am sure dear Maud has three teachers now. I take great pains with her music, and the darling improves so rapidly, it is only a delight to teach her."

"And she improves every day in her studies," chimed in Grace, while Rose completed the chorus by adding—

"And I am sure no one could be more careful about her French than I am."

"Yes, yes, you are all very good; but don't you see, I want to give Laura De Haven some position and employment. She will never come here as a mere dependant upon my charity."

Here Maude looked up.

"Is she pretty, papa?"

"I think so, dear. She was a very pretty little girl, with eyes as blue as your own.

"Let her come then, please, papa. I like pretty people."

And having fired this shot, Miss Maude gave undivided attention to her breakfast again.

Mr. Spenser bit his lip as he observed the struggle to preserve an amiable expression upon the four faces that the wildest imagination could never endow their beauty, but wisely resolved not to trust his gravity for a reproof.

He simply designated the rooms to be prepared for the governess and her pupil, and left the table, scarcely tasting breakfast, to write to Laura De Haven a cordial, tender letter of condolence for her sore bereavement, and proposal to undertake her new duties.

He felt strongly drawn towards the orphan, her mother having been educated with his late wife and lived with her, more like sisters than cousins, till Tom De Haven married her, leaving her widowed after two short, happy years.

Again the sisterly intercourse and affection was unbroken until Maude's mother died.

Since her death Mr. Spenser had not seen Mrs. De Haven, who supported herself and child by the needle, but they kept up a pleasant correspondence, and at Christmas the widow had ever good reason to remember her old friend's kindness.

So it did not seem to Laura, as she sped over the iron road leading to Rock Hill, as if she was going among strangers, and at the station she readily recognised the good, kindly face of her mother's friend.

She had certainly no reason to complain of the tender warmth of his greeting, the fatherly care he took of her comfort, or of Maude's rapturous welcome.

"You are pretty," that frank damsel told her; "your hair is yellow like mine, not horrid, greasy tow-color like Cousin Lily's or nasty black like the rest of them. You and I will have good times, for papa has let us have a schoolroom next your room and my room, all three together. So we never need go near the horrid women downstairs.

"Maude," said her father, reprovingly.

"Well, they are, papa, horrid women. Just to hear them the other morning praising up my music and my French, when they never make me learn a lesson, and call me a dear and a darling, when I am acting like a perfect imp."

"You dreadful child. You see, Miss Laura, you will have your hands full."

And Laura soon found there was far more truth in the prophecy than was at all desirable.

Maud was a thoroughly spoiled child, full of wild impulses, impatient of control, but possessing her father's sweet temper and undeniable talent.

Coaxing in judicious measure could win her to obedience and diligence in study.

Flattery found her as stubborn as a mule.

But her trials as Maude's teacher were insignificant compared to the annoyances Laura met daily in her intercourse with Mrs. Spenser and her three daughters.

It seemed to her, sometimes, that the extreme limit of human ingenuity was taxed to devise plans to make her life a burden.

She was too proud to complain, too conscientious to endeavor to make trouble between her friend and his relatives, and the four women who had united forces against her, made use of both pride and principle to further their own cruel ends.

They were bitterly jealous of her beauty, of her influence over Maude, of Mr. Spenser's evident pleasure in her society, and they were resolved to drive her from the home over which they naturally wished to hold undisputed sway.

It did not take them long to discover that Maude's governess carefully concealed from Mr. Spenser every taunt and insult lavished upon her, and so far from being touched by such forbearance, they systematically imposed upon it.

But Joseph Spencer, though he refrained from any active interference, was not quite in ignorance of the state of affairs.

Maude had bright, keen eyes and an active tongue, and many a whispered communication regarding her "dear Miss Laura and those hateful women," was confidentially imparted to her father.

It cost him many hours of anxious thought, but he saw no remedy.

He knew that Laura would accept nothing from him but what she fairly earned, and how could he give her employment and a luxurious home except in the capacity of his daughter's governess?

And if he turned away his brother's family, Mrs. Grundy would require the governess to leave the premises as well.

Sometimes, as the months were away, and Laura's beauty and sweetness won their way deeper into his heart, Joseph Spenser thought of another way to give his old friend's child a home for life, but he always set aside the thought.

"She is so young and lovely," he would sigh; "she will give her heart at some time to one worthy of the priceless treasure, and my Maudie will lose her governess."

But a year had passed, and there was no change in the family, when one morning, as Joseph Spenser sat making a pretence of reading in his library, Maude crept in.

"Why, papa," she cried, in surprise, "we all thought you had gone out."

"I did start, Maudie," was the reply, "but the sun was so hot it drove me home again."

"I am glad of it. I want you just to hear yourself how those women abuse Miss Laura. Come upstairs, do, papa. They are all in the schoolroom scolding her awfully. Just come into my room, and they won't guess you are there."

Acting upon a sudden impulse, half ashamed all the time, Joseph Spenser tiptoed after his daughter to her room.

His sister-in-law's voice, loud and shrill, greeted him first.

"We've watched you," she was saying, "we know all your bold tricks. Only yesterday Lilly saw you, through the crack of the door, kiss his picture that is hung in Maude's room."

Whose picture could his sister-in-law mean?

Joseph Spenser's heart beat with strong, quick throbs, as he noted the only picture in the room, his own photograph, in a dainty frame.

Maude had darted away, intent on some of her own pursuits, but her father's senses were all strained to listen.

"You needn't think you'll catch him," sneered Lilly; "he is devoted to his wife's memory."

A voice low and sweet, wrung with pain, spoke—

"Are you women, and have no womanly feeling? How have I injured you, that you accuse me of such unmaidenly thoughts? I do not try to win your uncle's love; he is my kind friend—my only one."

"You cannot deny you are in love with him," cried Grace; "you keep his flowers, you color when you hear his steps, and you kiss his picture."

Again the sweet voice rose, and the tones were clear.

"I will not deny it. Make what use you please of my confession after I am gone. You have tried a year to drive me away, and you succeed to-day. I will go where none in this house will ever find me. And before I go, I do not count it shame to acknowledge that I love, with my whole heart, the noblest, truest, kindest man I ever knew. You will not tell Joseph Spenser that I love him. I know you all too well to fear that. You may invent what falsehood you please to tell him, knowing my maiden reticence will keep back the truth."

"Oh, the shameless girl!" groaned Mrs. Spenser, as a door closed sharply.

"Bragging of loving a man who does not care a pin for her," said Grace.

"But going away," triumphantly exclaimed Rose. "That was a clever move of yours, mamma. She will die now before she will look uncle in the face again."

And Rose was right.

In her own room, Laura was already bitterly repenting the words she had been tortured into uttering, feeling as if the very birds of the air would carry her cherished secret, so long and carefully concealed.

Unaware of the rapture of hope they had already awakened, she hurriedly prepared to leave her only home, and seek employment in the town where her mother had lived.

But the fever in her veins was suffocating her.

"I will go once more to the cave," she thought, "and perhaps find Maude there. The sea-air will give me strength."

She tied on her hat, and in her light summer dress walked rapidly towards a point on a rocky sea-coast, where she had found a cave, that made a cosy retreat for herself and Maude.

Many mornings they had spent there, often rowing out when the sea was smooth, in Maude's own dainty boat.

But as Laura walked towards the cave, a fear came over her that drove all personal consideration out of her troubled heart.

Far out upon the summer sea, she saw Maude, in the little row-boat, and over head growing larger and blacker, a heavy thundercloud.

The child had a hysterical fear of thunder.

What would become of her in the little boat, alone, when the storm burst?

The larger boat was moored fast to the boat-house, and Laura unhesitatingly unfastened it, and seized the oars, just as the storm broke.

She saw Maude spring to her feet, sway to and fro and upset her boat.

With a vigor wonderful to see in the slender figure, Laura De Haven pulled

upon the heavy oars, and drove her boat through the waters, every moment surging with greater force around her.

Once the golden head rose far ahead of her.

The second time it was close beside her, and she leaned out of the boat to grasp it, losing her oars, but happily rescuing the child.

The storm had spent its fury, and there was a calm over all nature, when Joseph Spenser, roused from happy dreams, saw his sister-in-law's face at his library door, white as death.

Her teeth were chattering as she said—

"There is a man here—stop—don't go unprepared—a man—Maude took out the boat."

"In the storm!"

"And Laura must have gone after her. The men found the large boat—the little one floating upside down; the—the——"

"What? Where are they?"

"Down on the shore; they are waiting for orders."

Out he dashed, bareheaded, running like a boy to the shore.

The large boat had been drawn upon the rocks, and they lay there, the woman he loved and his only child, the arms that had worked so faithfully to save her wreathed about Maude, the form stilled forever by a stroke of lightning.

By a miracle Maude was saved, being at death's door for many weeks, but Laura's true heart never beat again, though Joseph Spenser sobbed like a child beside the face so beautiful in death.

He took Maude abroad when she came slowly back to life, and they are all in all to each other, for never again will Joseph Spenser willingly look upon the faces of the women who repaid all his affection and generosity by driving the woman he loved to her death.

Lois Brand's Choice.

BY PIPKIN.

LOIS BRAND stopped on the bridge, and leaned over the low railing, watching the ripples on the waters, and the little minnows darting about in that restless fashion of theirs, which made her think of the shuttles flying through the warp in the weaving-room at the factory.

She wished that she could forget everything connected with the factory for a little while.

She thought she could rest, then.

But she had watched the shuttle moving in its swift way back and forth so long that the sight of almost any moving thing brought it before her.

And she had listened for so long to the thunder and crash of loom and wheel that she heard them everywhere.

She thought, sometimes, that she should never get the sound of them out of her ears.

As she stood there on the old bridge, thinking, in an idle, spiritless kind of way, of what a pleasant thing life must be when there is no such drudgery, no such terrible monotony in it, as had wrapped hers in from childhood, shutting out everything she had hoped for most, like a wall, a step upon the creaking planks aroused her from her reverie.

She turned and saw that her companion was Richard Evans.

His honest face was aglow at the sight of her.

To him, she was the one woman in the world.

"Good morning, Dick," she said, in a kind of way. "Are you going to the mill? What a fool I am to ask you that, though. I might know that there's no other place for such people as we are to go. When we get into the mills once, we never get out. It's for life or death, I don't know which. I don't think I should care much, if it wasn't for Fanny."

"I don't like to hear you talk in that way, Lois," he said, in that grave, gentle way of his.

"There's no need of your killing yourself at the loom, as you're doing. It's only for you to say 'Yes,' Lois, and you know there's nothing I would be more glad to hear."

"I know," she answered, a little more tenderly, but with much bitterness in her voice yet. "I am sure I would be happy, quite happy with you, but there's Fanny. It wouldn't be right for me to marry you, and bring you such a load as two women, and one of them helpless as a baby would be. I could help myself and you, but with me you'd find your hands full, when you come to think of poor Fanny, and you nothing but your two hands. I can't say 'Yes,' Dick, thinking of that. It wouldn't be right for me to."

"Didn't I know all about Fanny when I asked you to marry me?" Dick said, earnestly. "If I hadn't been willing to work for both of you, do you suppose I'd have asked you any such question? You know better, Lois. I understand the case, Lois, and am willing to undertake the care of the consequences. Poor Fanny wouldn't be half the burden to me, if you were to marry me, that she is to you. You'd better say 'Yes,' Lois."

Clang, clang, clang! rang out the factory bell.

The sound of the bell was always getting tangled up with her life.

It was always breaking in on her dreaming.

It roused her now to the reality of what was before her.

"There's the bell," she said, drawing a long sigh, as she turned. "I don't think I'd better say 'Yes' Dick. It wouldn't be right."

"Think it all over, before you decide," he said, walking along with her through the street leading up to the factory. "Don't let the thought of Fanny, or the hard work I'd have to do, keep you from saying 'Yes,' if you love me, Lois."

They went into the building together.

The wheels were turning round and round in their tireless way.

She wondered if they would ever stop.

The warp was waiting for her at her room.

It made her think of a spider's web.

She wondered if life were not a great spider's web, that many people got caught in, and couldn't get away from.

The old factory looked more like a spider to-day than ever.

It was toward noon when Ralph Leverson came up to her loom.

He was her employer.

This factory and the men and women in it, were his.

He stood and watched her deft, well-trained fingers [illegible] the threads.

They had worked [illegible] so long that they moved about mechanically.

Lois could not help thinking sometimes that she was getting to be a mere machine.

There was about as little of pleasure and the beauties of life in her existence as in the iron-brained machine before her, which seemed to keep up a steady thinking of one thing from one day's end to another.

"Lois, I want to talk to you," young Leverson said, by-and-by. "I suppose you never thought of such a thing as my caring for you, but—I do, Lois. I've watched your face for a long time, and I've grown fond of it. It's a face that tells how much your life lacks to make it pleasant. Let me bring the lacking pleasure, Lois. Will you be my wife."

Lois had thought more than once that he cared for her.

He had been very kind to her.

He was a perfect gentleman, and she knew that he was in earnest.

She thought about it all in a swift, muddled way.

She thought about Dick, and her heart gave a little thrill at the thought of his love for her, that was like a reaching out of hands to him.

And yet Dick was poor, miserably poor.

He had only his hands, she thought.

And then something cried out to her that he had more.

He had a great, loving, honest heart.

But Leverson was rich.

He could give her all the beautiful things she had craved for so vainly.

A confused vision of pictures and flowers, of rich dresses and books, and the sound of music went whirling and surging through her brain, to the accompaniment of the grinding, pitiless wheels.

"I can't think now," she cried, putting up both her hands to her throbbing brow. "Don't ask me to answer you now; some other time I'll tell you."

"You are killing yourself here," he said, tenderly. "Try to think favorably of me, Lois."

And then he left her.

The wheels went round and round.

Her thoughts went on and on.

Should she choose for her heart?

Then she thought of patient, willing Dick, and then of Leverson.

How the machinery crashed its great iron jaws.

She thought it was trying to get hold of her, and fancied it was a great animal snarling at her.

"I'm going home," she said at last, sick, dizzy and faint. "I should go crazy if I stayed here."

She put on her bonnet and shawl and went out into the cool air.

Oh, which to choose?—which to choose?

The words made a little verse of themselves, and set themselves to the monotonous hum of turning spindles, and the click-clacking of darting shuttles.

She went towards home in a slow, roundabout way.

Suddenly the factory bell smote the air with a clangor that hurt her aching head terribly.

She wondered what the matter was.

She heard a cry of fire, and all at once a great black cloud of smoke broke from the upper windows of the building.

She turned about, and went back to the factory.

Perhaps there was something her tired hands could do.

What would become of her if the factory was burned.

What would become of a hundred others like her, who earned their daily bread there?

But she knew before she reached the mill that it could not be saved.

The windows were loopholes of fire.

The eaves were wreathed with twisting flames. There was no hope.

Suddenly a great cry rang out from the crowd.

At the window of his office, she saw Leverson's frightened face.

He must have been asleep, and undreaming of the awful danger.

She thought it was death.

She could see no way of escape open for him.

"I'll try to save him," cried a voice she knew—Dick's voice, and there was something grand in the sound of it.

And then she saw him fighting his way through the flames, and the last glimpse of his face showed how brave it was, in the wild tempest of fire and smoke.

She held her breath, pale and still, and waited, while her heart kept saying over—

"Dear Dick, oh, God save him!" in a prayerful kind of way.

She knew then that the lover who was risking his life so nobly was more to her than the lover he was risking his life for could ever be.

She had made her choice.

Suddenly she caught sight of Richard's face at the window of Leverson's room.

He had Leverson in his arms, for the master had fainted.

"Throw up a rope," shouted Dick.

Some strong hand flung one to him.

He fastened the unconscious man to it, and let him down just as the flames burst out of the window below him, wrapping the whole front of the great mill in a seething sheet of fire.

A groan went through the crowd.

There was no hope for Richard.

He had saved a life and lost his own.

"Dick! Dick!" rang out a woman's voice, wild, sharp and shrill with pain, "try to save yourself for my sake."

He heard, and leaned far out of the window, in a wild desire to save his life for the sake of the woman he loved.

He saw the wire of one of the lightning-rods not a foot from the window.

Maybe it would be strong enough to bear him.

But it was through a sheet of fire.

But Lois had called him, and he would make a wild, desperate, almost hopeless effort to save himself.

He leaned out and grasped the rod, and swung himself over the window sill, and slipped down, down.

The rod blistered his hands, but he clung to it.

The flames billowed up around him, and broke over him, but he held his breath and slipped down, down!

And the last he remembered, he was slipping down, and the thought had got into his brain that he was always going down, down, down.

And then—a blank.

The first thing he remembered after that, a woman's face was bending over him, and a woman's tears were dropping on his face, and a woman's kiss was on his lips, and a woman's voice was saying—"Oh, Dick, poor, noble, brave, dear Dick!" in a broken way, and he opened his eyes to see Lois above him, and he thought it must be heaven, and whispered—

"Is it yes, Lois?"

And she answered "Yes" with a great thankfulness in her eyes and voice.

They told him he was a hero.

And Leverson came and took his poor wounded hands in his, and told him he had saved his life, and that he should do great things by him to prove his gratitude.

And he did.

And Lois is satisfied with her choice.

WORDS AND LETTERS.—It is curious to observe what a strange connection a certain letter of the alphabet has sometimes with the career of a person. Students of biography will be able to recall many examples; space can only be found here for a few of the most prominent among them.

Charles I. was married in Canterbury Cathedral; he was continually at variance with the House of Commons, and finally got embroiled in a Civil war; his greatest enemies were Coke and Cromwell. Charles was made prisoner in Carisbrook Castle, and was condemned to death by the Commissioners appointed by the House of Commons.

Arthur Wellesley showed his greatest abilities in War; he was created first Duke of Wellington; he fought and won the glorious battle of Waterloo; and finally breathed his last at Walmer Castle.

Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV. and his consort Queen Caroline, was married to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg at Carlton House. Her town residence was Camelford House, and her country seat Claremont; the owner of the first, Lord Camelford, was killed in a duel, and the late owner of the second, Lord Clive, died by his own hand. The Princess was attended, during her last illness, by a woman named Croft.

Napoleon Bonaparte was educated at Brienne; he received his first wound from a Bayonet thrust, and he married Josephine, the widow of the Viscomte Beauharnais. After the Battle of Waterloo he was taken, as a prisoner, to St. Helena on board the *Bellerophon*. While the distinguished exile was waiting for the completion of the preparations at Longwood for his reception, he lived at the "Briars," a house belonging to a Mr. Balcombe.

Alliteration, the dictionaries tell us, is "the beginning of two or more successive words with the same letter." A couple of hundred years ago this alliteration was a practice frequently made use of by authors. It was supposed to convey a grateful sound to the ear, and was therefore greatly employed for book titles as a means of attracting attention. Here are a few of the most amusing, mostly chosen from Puritan literature—"Some Fine Biskets, baked in the Oven of Charity, Carefully Corrected for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation"; "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin, or, the Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David"; "A Delicate Diet for Daintie Drunkards"; "A Plante of Pleasure and a Grove of Graces"; and lastly, the political pamphlet entitled, "The Staggering State of Scots Statesmen, by Sir John Scot of Scotstarvet."

One gains courage by showing himself poor; in that manner one robs poverty of its sharpest sting.

Don't allow the accumulation of Scurf or Dandruff, when it can be so easily prevented by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor.

ABOUT EXERCISE.

THE old Romans, who conquered eighty-six foreign nations, had recognized the secret of success when they called their armies *exercitus*, bodies of drilled or exercised men. Exercise overcomes all difficulties, and if the power of its influence has limits, they have never been ascertained.

It ensures every victory: practice, i. e., exercise and experience would enable a hundred veterans to beat a thousand recruits, even if they were better armed. A brigade of ordinary riflemen would have no chance against a regiment of picked archers, such as were employed in war in the Middle Ages.

In the London Tower, and in the armories of Strasburg, Nuremburg and Vienna, there are several coats of mail that have been pierced through and through, evidently by the same shot.

That is, the arrow has broken the breastplate, passed through the body of the cuirassier, and then through the back-plate.

A common rifle-ball rarely penetrates the body of a full-grown man, even nowadays, when mail coats are gone out of fashion.

During the Middle Ages it was the custom of princes, and even of wealthy burghers, to keep runners, who followed their carriages afoot, while the horses were going at full gallop.

Fast runners were in great request, and if parents wanted to qualify their children for a position of that sort, they began to train them from the earliest childhood, and made them undergo a singular operation, namely, the removal of the spleen, which was supposed to have an influence on the vigor of the lungs.

From the village of Puebla, in Mexico, a sandy country road leads across the hills to the valley of the Amozoc. Early in the morning that road is crowded with Indian hucksters, who carry heavy baskets on their backs.

They often come from a distance of twenty miles, but make the whole trip at a sharp trot, and without a single stop. Their children run at their sides, carrying small bundles or bags, and thus learn their trade so gradually that they hardly feel the hardships of it.

It is certainly queer that nowadays a small, short-legged dog can easily outrun the tallest man. It has not always been so. An ostrich proves that two legs can go as fast as four. Want of exercise probably accounts for the whole difference.

Next to football, the favorite game of the English schoolboys is a play called "Hare and hounds." In watching their races I noticed that for one boy who is too short-legged to win, at least twelve are too short-winded.

Their lungs give out a long time before their legs do. But that sort of short-windedness can be readily cured by various kinds of exercise, especially by mountain excursions.

Lifting weights is another excellent exercise. There is a story of a Grecian Samson, the athlete Milo, of Crotona, who day after day carried a calf round the arena, and gained in strength as the calf gained in weight, till he finally could carry a steer.

We may doubt if the steer was quite full grown, but there is no doubt that Dr. Winship, of Boston, Mass., practised with dumb-bells, and bags full of pig-iron till he was able to lift (though only for a moment) the heaviest steer on the Texas prairie. It is equally certain that before he began to exercise he was the puniest student in the Medical College.

And if a weakly man of modern times could lift such a weight, why should not the champion of the Grecian arena have been able to carry it for a distance of half a mile? For it cannot be denied that people have become more puny since they began to trust to gunpowder and steam instead of exercise.

During the last Afghan war, the native warriors carried cannon to a battery on the top of a hill from where the English soldiers were unable to carry them down again.

The foot-soldiers of the Turkish Janizaries had to drill in full armor, run, wrestle, and even swim, without removing their iron equipments. Such a value did their drill-masters set upon the influence of early training, that they would never accept a recruit of more than twelve years of age.

These pupils were exercised for years, like the sons of the old Spartans, before they were assigned to actual duty, and the result was the Janizaries repeatedly beat the armies of all western Europe combined.

The ancient Greeks managed to train not only their troops, but the whole nation, by offering liberal prizes for proficiency in all kinds of bodily exercise, such as running, leaping, lifting, spear-throwing, and wrestling. At a distance of sixty yards their spearmen could hit a target with unfailing certainty.

Their racers competed with horses and greyhounds. It is even record that the champion runner of the Spartan Heraclea once covered forty-two feet, and a native of Crete in southern Italy even forty-five feet.

THE essence of lying is in deception, not in words. A lie may be told by silence, by equivocation, by the accent on a syllable, by a glance of the eye.

Nothing tries the patience of a man more than to listen to a hacking cough, which he knows could be easily cured by investing 25 cents in a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Our Young Folks.

META AND EFFIE.

BY PIPKIN.

"PLEASE, little ladies—we are so very poor at home."

The speaker was a child—as young as Effie and Meta—two little ladies out enjoying the sights of Christmas; but, oh! how different they were in every way.

Hunger and sadness showed themselves only too visibly in the little pinched-up old-fashioned countenance, looking up so beseechingly into theirs.

Meta's loving little eyes rested in an instant upon those of the beggar-girl.

"Oh, what a dreadful pity!" was the quick thought that came into her heart, "that any one should be miserable at Christmas-time!" "You are all so poor at home?" she repeated.

The eyes of the child thus spoken to filled with tears. She was little used to such gentle words.

"And I am the eldest of everybody," now fell, somewhat comically, but still pathetically, from the lips of the child. "All the rest are little."

"Oh, indeed!" came demurely from Effie. "And therefore, you beg for them."

The beggar-child's head bent down a moment; she felt as the instant ashamed of begging.

Cruelly treated at home by an idle ne'er-do-well step-father; and the eldest of six other little ones—the "eldest of everybody," as she had herself remarked. Poor little maiden!

Thus quickly thought Meta; thus, also, thought dear little Effie.

Is it only a stupid idea on our part as we watch their two eager faces? No, indeed; not quite so stupid, after all. The same pretty thought has indeed struck them both at the same moment.

"Oh, Meta!" "Oh, Effie!" and the words fell almost together. "Shall we—oh, wouldn't it be nice? Shall we—what do you think?—give up the whole of our savings, and let this miserable little girl have all?"

The sweet heaven-sent thought came from the inmost heart of each. They would try bravely to forget all the disappointment that such an act would cause them. Yes, all.

"But Sukey—poor Sukey! It hardly seems fair to her. She's very poor, and has no friends in all the world but ourselves—and only think what a treat it would have been to her!"

"So it would."

"And now?"

"And now she can't have anything; that's if——"

"If we give up everything, you mean?"

"Yes."

And then there was almost perfect stillness for a while in that snow-clad quiet street where we now find the children standing.

The passengers were few and far between—very, very few indeed.

The snow was still falling thickly; no carriages whatever were passing, the little beggar-girl was still close by, looking up pleadingly into their faces, waiting it would seem, for some hopeful answer.

And how many a tone in the course of her young life had she waited for an answer from those to whom she had appealed! And, alas! poor child, received none.

In another moment the consultation was ended.

"Here, little girl, we don't know your name yet; but you must tell us it, and also where you live. Here is a shilling for you, and the rest we shall keep for Sukey; but never mind, you don't know who Sukey is," and then with tears in their eyes, and something in Meta's throat which seemed to choke her, they walked away.

* * * * *

"The shop windows look beautiful! See here," cried Meta. "This is the loveliest shop of all."

"But, oh! didn't her white face brighten up beautifully!" broke in Effie. "Now come away from the lovely old shops!" and she dragged Meta by the hand. "It only makes one uncomfortable."

"But these toys here—do look at them! They are just the very things we wanted."

"Do you recollect mother's sweet story about 'Lead us not into temptation?'"

"What is that about not being led into temptation?" questioned a merry voice just behind them.

The little girls started; then blushed deeply.

"Oh, Dr. Tracy! we didn't know you were there."

"Well, that isn't very wonderful. You haven't, I take it for granted, eyes behind your back; and I haven't. What's the temptation? And still more, what on earth is the matter with you both? You look just as serious as if you had just been making your wills. Come in here. I want you to choose a lot of toys for—well, then, never mind whom—some special little friends of mine, then," and in he dragged them.

The whole affair seemed entirely like a dream.

Why, they had already purchased twice as many toys as they had once intended doing with their own savings, and what was more, they were all for themselves too.

* * * * * * *

Home again! No matter how quickly.

They had begged earnestly that they might be permitted to carry home the splendid parcel of toys themselves. But Dr. Tracy had said, "No, little people; we don't exactly want them all broken to shivers before you get there, and the ground is far too slippery."

But they did not stop to think now either of the intense cold or of the slipperiness.

All they strove for was to be at home again.

Home! home! home!

"Yes; of course we'll take the same short cut again across the railway. Now then, Effie; run quickly—all is quite clear!" exclaimed Meta.

"Oh, wait a minute, Effie, though. My boot wants fastening."

And the operation of fastening the boot occupied several minutes. Then, once more, they started to cross the line.

How foolish and dangerous of them both not to look sharply right and left before darting to do so, but they had both peeped up and down the lines, and most carefully too, when they had first set off to cross them; then had come the operation of buttoning the boot, and now they had forgotten everything except the toys. And they had always promised father and mother, too, to be so very, very watchful whenever trusted out alone.

Whirr! whirr—! whirr—r—r! Hus! h-s-s—s!

Onward dashed the mighty engine towards them—faster, and yet faster; dragging after it the long and heavy line of railway cars.

But the train was yet far away; only that, going at the speed at which it did, the fast-flying engine would now be too quickly upon their heels. Too terrible indeed for the sight!

And yet the two dear little girls knew nothing of their danger—did not even dream of it.

Faster and faster the heavy train came nearer, and yet nearer. Then came a sharp and piercing cry—a cry of utmost despair.

A small figure was dashing towards the rails, with outstretched hands, from the opposite side of the rails.

"Back! back! Keep back!" shouted clearly, but in a terrified voice, the child who thus spoke.

"Or lie down flat between the lines," shrieked the child again, as if horror-stricken.

But the engine was now approaching too near for the last words to be heard, and Meta and Effie, aroused at last in a sense of their danger, had rushed frantically forward, but still hand in hand.

And then the little beggar-girl—for it was indeed she—had rushed madly forward and dragged them head-foremost into the snow at her feet; on which, wholly exhausted with the effort she had made, the brave child fell fainting upon the ground.

* * * * * * *

And then came the glorious Christmas-tide.

All was now such perfect joy and happiness in Meta and Effie's home. And another happy one too was there, besides those of the grown-up members, and almost simply [illegible] to speak, but [illegible] of praise that rose from the lips of the group.

What a moment, however, Mat, the poor beggar-girl, has seemed to be as she [illegible] for taking up her post by the heart of Meta. She was stopped self-possessed Meta and Effie's father and mother, but yet was [illegible] afraid to begin with so many eyes [illegible] upon her.

"Well, Mat," asked their mother.

"Yes, let's," "Go on, Mat."

"Thank you, dear lady."

"Why, child? For allowing you to speak?"

"For more than that," sobbed Mat. "For being so kind," sobbed Mat yet again. "For saving me from being a beggar. For bringing me here to live! so [illegible] again."

And then Meta and Effie's mother answered Mat, that it was she instead who ought to be the grateful one—"We were all grateful, child. You saved our treasures."

And then the carol rose, so soft and clear—

"All glory be to God on high,
And in the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from Heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

IT had been a glorious September day, and the sun was just sinking into a gorgeous pile of many-tinted clouds, when the train drew up at the little platform that was the only railway station at North.

I had been rusticating in that wee country village for six weeks, my first vacation in as many years.

About myself, it is only necessary to state that I am a physician, past middle age, and holding a position in a public institution.

My work was hard, my vacations few, and I sorely needed the rest I had been taking when the train took me up at North.

As I took my place in a crowded car I noticed, near me, two women, one elderly and wearing the dress of a respectable servant, the other very young, and dressed with simple elegance.

There was nothing in the dress of either to attract attention, but apparently the younger lady had been faint, for the other had taken off her hat, and was fanning her with it.

The face that rested upon the shoulder of the servant was the most beautiful as to form and feature, the most ghastly in color, the most despairing in expression that I ever beheld.

Clouds of light, golden hair moved in the cool breeze from the open window, and the eyes, fixed vacantly, were of the purest blue, the eyes of a babe in shape and color.

The fair complexion was utterly colorless, and under the large, blue eyes were heavy, purple hollows, while the lips of the perfect mouth were parched and white.

I had a cordial in my possession, and handed it to the older woman.

"I am a physician," I said. "Let her drink this. It cannot harm her."

"Thank you," both said at once, and the dose was obediently swallowed.

I returned to my seat, but as the tedious hours wore away, I noticed frequently that beautiful, grief-stricken face.

There was no sign of mourning in the quiet gray dress, but that there had been some lingering sorrow in the young life was only too plainly evident.

The moon rose, lighting the pleasant scenes we passed at lightning speed, and it was nearly midnight when, without warning, there was a crash, and we were thrown here and there amid the wreck and the ruins of the trains which had come into collision.

I found myself, as I recovered from the effects of a stunning blow upon the head, hurled against a fence at some distance from the trains.

The moon lighted up a scene of horror and confusion upon all sides, and the air was full of cries of pain, groans, shrieks, and a Babel of voices.

Clear above all rose one loud, commanding voice—

"If there is a surgeon unhurt, will he assist us?"

That roused me, and I staggered forward, recovering myself fully before I spoke.

Two others had also answered that call, and we found plenty of work for brain and hands.

I was rising from an examination of one hopeless case, when a light hand touched me, and looking up, I saw a young girl, who said—

"They have carried two women to our house. Will you come with me to see them?"

I followed at once.

Not twenty steps away we reached a little house, the door of which opened into a small room, and there, by the light of two lamps, I saw the woman who had so interested me during the first hours of that fateful journey.

They were lying upon mattresses, evidently hurriedly spread upon the floor, and only one glance was needed to prove the sorrows which I had felt were slowly crushing out the younger life were over upon earth.

But the elder woman still lived, and I knelt down beside her, to try to aid her.

A brief examination sufficed.

Here, too, death had set his seal, though the patient would live a few hours.

She opened her eyes while I still knelt beside her.

"Miss Lorna," she said, faintly; "my mistress, my nursling—is she hurt?"

"Yes," I answered.

"I must go to her."

And struggling to rise, she caught sight of the rigid face near her.

"Dead?" she whispered; "dead! Thank God!"

It was said so fervently, so thankfully, that I looked at the speaker in amazement.

"You gave me the medicine in the train," she said, presently. "You said you were a doctor. Tell me, shall I get to London?"

I hesitated to speak.

"Do not be afraid to tell me," she urged; "you look kind-hearted. If I am dying, will you not see that the poor child is taken to her friends?"

"I will," I answered, gravely, taking out my note-book; "tell me her name and address."

"Her name is Lorna Fairthorne. You will have her taken to her brother's house, Mr. Graves, Smith street."

"I will do as you desire," I said.

Presently she said—

"I must trust somebody. Somebody must tell her mother and brother. You have been kind. Will you hear the truth and tell them?"

"Yes," I said again, seeing that the woman's agitation was shortening her little time on earth, "you may trust me to fulfil any request you may make."

"They will know," she said, "Mrs. Graves will know who Lucius Fairthorne is.

"Lorna, my poor darling, loved him nearly a year ago. But her brother knew him for a bad man—a villain as he was, and forbade him the house. But Miss Lorna worshipped him.

"Well, she fretted so, I could not bear to see her, and I carried the letters for both of them, like a wicked, foolish woman I can see now. But it was all for love of the [illegible]."

She broke down sobbing, but regained her composure after a moment.

"The letters made all the preparations for a runaway match, sir, though I never guessed that, and Mr Fairthorne knew that when Miss Lorna came of age, neither mother nor brother could keep her out of the money her father left her.

"So he persuaded her to run away; and when I found she would go, I ran away too.

"She was never strong, sir, and I nursed her all my life.

"Mr Fairthorne was none too well pleased to see me in the carriage that took Miss Lorna to meet him; but he let me stay with her.

"He wanted to write to Mr. Graves and demand his wife's money at once.

"But she coaxed him to wait, telling him it was tied up until she was twenty-one, and that won't be till Christmas, sir. She'll never claim it."

"When did she leave home?" I asked her.

"Early in June. She was not married a week before her husband began to be careless of her.

"But the worst came before they were a month married, when he was arrested for a forgery and attempt to murder, that took place more than a year ago.

"Then we knew his name was not Fairthorne, but Blake, and he had been taking the name of a friend.

"It is all in a tangle in my poor old head, sir; but the police carried him off.

"Well, sir, all this time Mr. Graves was putting notices in the paper, without names right out—but we knew who was meant—begging his sister to come home, or write and tell them where she was.

"She meant to write, until the disgrace came.

"Then she would not. She clung to her husband.

"Every day she went to the prison; and he seemed to soften and feel sorry for all that he had done, when she was with him.

"Every night she cried herself to sleep in my arms.

"She was grieving herself to death, and those who would have come to comfort her did not know her sorrow.

"I cannot tell you about the law part of the trouble, sir, for I had my hands full in court watching the child.

"But the end was, they sentenced Lucius Blake to twenty years.

"He was taken away this morning, and I was taking her where he came.

"If I had known, she would not have gone there, disgraced and worse than widowed.

"But she was stunned like, and did whatever I said."

"And her mother and brother have known nothing of this marriage?"

"Not a word, sir. You will find her marriage certificate in her pocket-book, and a portrait of her husband in the locket on her neck. You had better take them now. Tell her mother I never left her, and would have taken her home. But her Heavenly Father knows best. You started when I thanked Him that she was dead. Is it not so? Think of twenty years of misery, watching and waiting, sorrowing and weeping. Better she's gone, poor lamb, than living to die by inches."

"But the law might free her from her husband," I said.

"No law would take the love out of her heart. Bad as he was, a forger, a would-be murderer, she loved him. That is the strange part of life, sir, how a pure, good woman will cling to a bad man. But they do, they do. Can you lift me a little, sir, so I can see her?"

I complied, lifting her tenderly, so that she could rest upon my arm, and see the face death had left unscarred and peaceful.

"It is long since she rested so quietly," the old woman said, solemnly; "sleep was only living all her trouble over in dreams. Who would wish to awaken her?"

"Poor child!" I said, softly, "she sleeps quietly now."

"In perfect peace. She will not awaken to weep and moan. Put me down, please. I can rest, too, before the time when you will carry us both home. Will this dreadful pain last long, sir?"

"Not long," I said.

I returned to the wreck outside.

There was ample work for me, and I tried with all my skill to meet it, coming to the little house whenever I could spare a moment.

Each time I found my patient weaker, carefully tended by the girl who had summoned me to her side.

Tender hands had prepared Lorna for the grave and carried her to another room, to await the train that was expected as soon as the line was cleared.

The third time I came, I knew that the end of the faithful servant's life was very near.

She smiled as I knelt beside the mattress, and put my fingers upon the fast failing pulse.

"The pain is all gone, doctor," she whispered faintly. "I shall not be long separated from my child. She would miss poor Margaret, would she not? Will you carry me home with her?"

"You shall not be separated," I promised.

"You have the locket and certificate?"

"Yes, I have both."

"Tell her mother I was faithful to her—I never [illegible] her—never—even—in—death."

She smiled again, whispering the words, and with the smile upon her lips, her spirit joined that of the poor, sorrow-stricken child she had loved so devotedly.

I waited beside her till she was carried to the side of her nursling, and promised to return to carry out the mission upon which she had sent me, fulfil the trust reposed in me.

Tenderly, upon that fateful night, I placed old Margaret beside her charge, and giving orders that they were not to be removed except in my care, went again to the scene outside to give what service I could to other sufferers.

And as I opened the house door, having seen the last of the tragedy ended in this little room, the early dawn was lighting the scene outside, and the glow of sunrise was reddening the east.

And I may say here, that I kept my word and saw the dead safely under the roof they had so rashly forsaken, and told the story entrusted to me to the sorrowing mother and brother.

ALONE.

BY RITA.

'Twas midnight, and he sat alone—
The husband of the dead.
That day the dark dust had been thrown
Upon her buried head.
Her orphan'd children round him slept,
But in their sleep would moan:
Then fell the first tear he had wept—
He felt he was alone

The world was full of life and light,
But, ah, no more for him!
His little world, once warm and bright—
It now was cold and dim.
Where was her sweet and kindly face?
Where was her cordial tone?
He gazed around his dwelling-place,
And felt he was alone.

The wifely love—maternal care—
The self denying zeal—
The smile of hope that chased despair,
And promised future weal
The clean bright hearth—nice table spread—
The charm o'er all things thrown—
The sweetness in whate'er she said—
All gone—he was alone!

He looked into his cold wild heart—
All sad and unresigned;
He asked how he had done his part
To one so true—so kind?
Each error past he tried to track—
In torture would atone—
Would give his life to bring her back—
In vain—he was alone.

He slept at last, and then he dream'd
(Perchance her spirit woke),
A soft light o'er his pillow gleam'd,
A voice in music spoke:
"Forgot—forgiven all neglect—
Thy love recalled alone;
The babes I leave, oh, love, protect?
I still am all thine own."

CHINESE PUNISHMENTS.

CHINESE punishments are severe, and in many cases inhuman. These cruelties were even greater before the formation of a written code, which prevented tyrants from exercising their ingenuity in devising methods of punishment at their own free will.

The most common instrument of punishment is the bamboo rod, the thickness and number of blows of which are nicely graduated according to the heinousness of the offence to be extirpated.

In all cases it is, however, a painful castigation, unless the executioner has been bribed to lay on his blows in such a manner as to make a great sound, but inflict little execution.

The kea or cangue is the next form of punishment. This consists in fastening a wooden collar around the neck in such a manner that it shuts off all communication between the upper and lower portions of the body, and, as he cannot get his hands up to his mouth, he must be fed by others. It is often worn for two or three months together.

Every morning the victim is taken to a public place and exposed to the gaze of the world, and at night is led back to prison for security.

Nothing is more common in a Chinese town than to see these individuals, with these wooden millstones around their necks, being fed by their children, wives or other relatives, and even by strangers; for it is accounted a meritorious act to feed a prisoner in the cangue.

In each case of a punishment the name of the crime for which it is inflicted is fastened about the criminal's person. For a good-humored race the Chinese are decidedly cruel, not only to prisoners taken in war, but to offenders against the law.

Among the other methods of punishment for minor offences may be mentioned—kneeling on a coiled chain or on broken crockery with the bare knees for hours at a time, without being once allowed to change their position; and ankle-squeezing and finger-squeezing, between four pieces of bamboo so arranged that by pulling a string passed through one end of them they can be so tightly compressed as to almost crush the unfortunate limb in their embrace.

With the rascally mandarins this is a favorite method of torture when they wish to extort money from any person whom they suspect of concealing treasure; in other words, when they wish either to "squeeze" the population on their own behoof, or on the part of the government, which requires a certain sum of money to be made up by the mandarin who controls every district or department.

The inferior mandarins, though they cannot inflict the punishment of death, yet exercise the utmost ingenuity in inflicting the greatest amount of torture compatible with fulfilling the letter of the law, and even of eventually ending the culprit's life.

For, instance, a case is related in which a man was caught stealing at a fire—a very heinous offence. He was confined in a sort of upright cage, tied by the pigtail in such a manner that his feet could barely touch the ground.

In this guise he was exposed every day to public gaze until exhaustion from pain, want of sleep, food and drink—for no one was allowed to have access to him—terminated his life.

Another not uncommon method of torture is to confine the criminal in an upright cage of this description, but with his head protruding through a hole in the lid or roof, his toes just touching the floor, and his hands tied behind him; so that if the poor wretch wishes for a moment to rest himself, he must do so by causing the whole weight of his body to bear upon his under jaws, at the risk of almost tearing his head from his body.

Banishment for mild offences to a distance not over fifty leagues, from the offender's home, or, in the case of more severe offences, to beyond the Chinese frontier either temporarily or for life, is a punishment awarded for crimes more severe than those for which beating with the bamboo or confinement in the cangue is considered a sufficient expiation.

There are three modes of capital punishment: 1st, strangulation; 2d, decapitation; 3d, the punishment that Europeans incorrectly style cutting into ten thousand pieces

This consists in the prisoner having his face and other parts of the body so slashed before the final blow is struck that he expires not only headless, but with his skeleton partially divested of flesh.

Grains of Gold.

Think of ease, but work on.

A foul morn may turn a fair day.

Fall not out with a friend for a trifle.

A flow of words is no proof of wisdom.

Many without punishment, none without sin.

Never speak to deceive, nor listen to betray.

A good paymaster never wants workmen.

Attend to duties promptly and faithfully.

Form plans with care, to execute with vigor.

The old man's staff is the rapper at death's door.

The agitation of thought is the beginning of truth.

Children have wide ears and very long tongues.

Yield always to reason, but never to passion.

Be forgetful of self, and live not to yourself alone.

Second thoughts are the adopted children of experience.

Speaking without thinking, is shooting without taking aim.

No pleasure is comparable to standing on the vantage ground of truth,

Don't open your purse too hastily or too wide, nor your mouth either.

Veiling our faces we must take silently the hand of duty, and follow her.

No great characters are formed in this world without suffering and self-denial.

They who, for every trifle, are eager to vindicate their character, do rather weaken it.

The history of all the world tells us that immoral means will ever intercept good ends.

If a man has got any religion worth having he will do his duty and not make a fuss about it.

After the sting of folly has made men wise they find it hard to conceive that others can be as foolish as they have been.

Fine feelings, without vigor of reason, are in the situation of the extreme feathers of a peacock's tail—dragging in the mud.

Never be sorry that you gave; it was right for you to give, even if you were imposed upon. You cannot afford to keep on the safe side by being mean.

Beware how you allow words to pass for more than they are worth, and bear in mind what alteration is sometimes produced in their current value by the course of time.

A shrewd observer once said that in walking the streets, of a slippery morning, one might see where the good-natured people lived, by the ashes thrown on the ice before the doors.

Sympathy, without active energy, may degenerate into weak sentimentalism: without intelligence, it may produce much evil; without a sense of responsibility and duty, it may be a mere self-indulgent impulse.

Femininities.

The only kind of cake children don't cry for—A cake of soap.

The widow Van Cott claims to have converted 40,000 souls The number of backsliders is not given

It is said that quiet eyes denote self-command Come to think the matter over, so does a quiet mouth.

It is not a fault to be naturally smart, yet some babies can be entirely too wide-awake when they oughtn't to be.

Gilpin, reading in a paper that "facts are stubborn things," says there's no particle of doubt that his wife is a fact.

A Pennsylvania woman has been sent to prison for horse stealing. This comes from opening the professions to women.

An Englishman made a red-headed girl awful mad the other day by asking her if she wasn't glad the rain had cooled the hair.

A leading society lady at the Catskills boasts of 177 different costumes, eleven trunks, two poodles, and three males She has a husband.

"Do you mean to tell me that Adam wasn't a polygamist, when he married every woman there was in the world?" shrieked a Mormon.

The French Legion of Honor includes sixteen women, of whom eight are nuns. Rosa Bonheur, the painter, is the only one generally known.

Question for a debating society out West: "If the Mormon who has eight wives buries one of them, how much of a widower does he become, if any?"

"If in our school days the 'rule of three' is proverbially trying, how much harder, in after life," writes a melancholy one, "do we feel the rule of one."

A wicked young man says that he never will, upon any consideration whatever, believe that a pretty girl knows what a kiss means till he has it from her own mouth.

An exchange says a man begins to occupy half a seat when he gets married. This is true; and after the first baby comes he begins to occupy half of the outside bed-rail.

A poet sings: "How can I meet my darling?" Well, if you know the old gentleman has gone out you can go boldly up to the front door, ring the bell and ask for her.

Never boast about anything that your conscience tells you you ought to be ashamed of. If you are a bachelor now, and ever was engaged to be married, don't acknowledge it.

A woman will face a frowning world and cling to the man she loves, through the most bitter adversity, but she wouldn't wear a hat three weeks behind the style to save the government

She held him fast in her soft white arms. And kissed him warm with a rousing hug. For she was a girl of the upper ten And he—well he was a dogoned pug.

Young men, it isn't always the girl who looks loveliest in the soft, sweet shadows of the darkening twilight, who takes that beauty with her in the grim, gray morning as she wrestles with a kitchen stove.

When a young man lays siege to a young lady and insists upon her consenting to becoming his wife, she cannot but confess that he is "a man after her own heart," however heartless she may appear.

"I never saw such a woman in all my life," said Bass; "you are never satisfied with anything." "People who knew the man I took for a husband," said Mrs. B., "think, on the contrary, that I am very easily satisfied."

One of the first couples which took advantage of the new French divorce law bore the name of Granville. The lady, who married at 16, obtained a separation fifteen days after the wedding, and had been awaiting her divorce fifty years.

A sweet girl graduate at a recent commencement read a very clever original essay entitled, "Deceit a Crime." Next day she paid $15 for a new set of bangs, and bought a corset with much plumpness where it would do the most good.

Mrs. Thrifty to storekeeper: "If you will cut me a small sample of this, I will find out from my dressmaker how many yards I need, and can order the goods by mail." Awful child: "Why, mamma, that's just what you said in all the other stores."

There is a story of a wise monarch not contained in written histories. Two of his court damsels had a dispute as to precedence. The king looked kindly, and said: "Let the oldest go first." And the damsels embraced and went in together with entwined arms.

The use of the long smelling bottle now so popular with young ladies of fashion, is not such a bad idea as it would seem at first. They will more readily become accustomed to the feeling of a broom-handle and a rolling-pin after they are joined in the happy bands of wedlock.

"Mollie, I wish you would be a better girl," said an East Saginaw father to his little daughter; "you have no idea how sorry I am that mamma has to scold you all the time." "Don't worry about it, pa," was the reply of the little angel. "I am not one of those sensitive children. Half the time I don't hear what she says."

She had been waiting a long time for him to ask for his hat. At last he inquired: "What do I put you in mind of?" "A French clock," she said, softly. He did not know whether to be pleased, but soon rose and went on his way. The next morning he called upon an eminent horologist, and asked him what was the distinguishing trait of a French clock. The answer was, "Why, it never goes!"

The officer who opens the court is called a "crier." On one occasion the said officer had lost his wife, who had led him an uncomfortable life, and he was of course absent from his post. When the court came in the judge as usual said, "Mr. Crier, open the court." A young and facetious lawyer addressed the court as follows: "May it please your honor, Mr. B—— cannot cry to-day; he has lost his wife."

News Notes.

Female pedestrian matches are prohibited in Allegheny, Pa.

A one-legged roller skater is among the attractions at Bar Harbor, Me.

Chinese fishermen use giant powder to kill fish in the Sacramento river.

China proposes to adopt the use of postal cards on the 1st of January next.

Europe has twenty organized societies to oppose the eating of animal food.

Chicago is said to be derived from an Indian word signifying skunk—or place of skunks.

A farmer from Clay county, Mississippi, has one hundred and sixty acres planted in peppermint.

In 1880 this country was worth forty-four millions of dollars. One fourth of this was in farms.

A trade paper is authority for the statement that 8,233,284,000 plugs are annually made in this country.

The health of Emperor William of Germany is so infirm that it is not thought he will live the year out.

In one year Troy, N. Y., manufactures 30,000,000 linen collars, besides nearly three and one-half million shirts.

Greenwich, Conn., has had seven cases of accidental (careless) shooting within a few months past, four of them fatal.

London authorities are thinking seriously of providing each policeman with a large dog as an assistant and companion.

Sitting Bull has taken to the theatrical profession, and will exhibit himself in the principal cities of the East and in Europe.

A church at Toronto is in need of an organist and baritone, to fill two vacancies caused by an elopement of the last incumbents

A Colorado rough proudly wears a ring through a hole which was made in his ear by the bullet of a bar-room adversary's pistol

A man living at Minneapolis, Minn., has a pet pig which follows him about like a dog Atone time pigs were made pets of by Spanish ladies.

Street obstructions in London, it is said, are not tolerated at all. Even drinking fountains and letter boxes attached to lamp-posts being opposed

The broken pillars and fragments of Cincinnati's Court House, burned during the riot, are to be rebuilt into a monument in the form of a pile.

An English scientist has discovered an animal with 11,000 eyes. He thinks there is no doubt it saw him before he saw it, but he has not yet named it.

Black walnut sawdust, formerly thrown away, is now mixed with linseed gum and moulded into heads and flower pieces for the ornamentation of furniture.

The elephant Emperor, only two inches less in stature than Jumbo, has been sold at auction in England for $500 The elephant market is evidently overstocked.

An enormous ranch in Mexico, extending over 16,000 square miles, was recently purchased by a syndicate of English and Scotch speculators for one million dollars.

A young man in South Carolina, only 20 years of age, has been engaged 19 times. It is seldom that a youth of his age has been the hero of so many narrow escapes.

The natives in New Zealand, it is reported, shape themselves with a piece of glass The operation is said to be much pleasanter than the one in vogue in America.

In the new town of Maiden, in Meagher (pronounced Marr) county, Montana, every child born so far has been a girl, except one. Montana needs women more than men.

At Margate only, of all the English seaside resorts, men and women bathe together. Near by is "Bleak House," in which Dickens wrote the famous novel of that name.

Eggs lose their nourishment by cooking. The yolk, raw, or very slightly boiled, is exceedingly nutritious; one slightly boiled, however, is more easy of digestion than a raw one.

At a crowded seaside resort in Rhode Island, a woman 35 years of age astonished the guests by coming to breakfast one morning last week in a white Mother Hubbard dress.

Another wealthiest man in the world has been discovered. He is Han-Qua, a Chinese banker of Canton, and pays taxes on an estate of $400,000,000. Altogether he is worth about $1,400,000,000.

A patient in the Nevada Insane Asylum grasped his windpipe so fiercely, under the impression that a frog was in his throat, the other day, that some hours were required to resuscitate him.

The quadricle is the name given to a wheeled vehicle that has two small wheels in front and two large wheels behind. The inventor says that it is far superior to either the bicycle or the tricycle.

The number of varieties of common fruit seems astonishing to the average purchaser. Of the pear there are 1,600 kinds named in some works of horticulture; over 1,300 different sorts of apples are grown.

A gentleman who is just returned from the seashore, and who claims to speak from actual observation, says that a Boston girl can always be known by the imprint which the hollow of her foot makes in the sand.

While the Czar of Russia stays in Poland he will have his food brought from St. Petersburg. This is no reflection on the quality of the food in Warsaw, but the Grand Monarch is afraid it may not be seasoned to suit him.

The Columbus, Ohio, blind asylum managers have been undergoing a lecturing from a newspaper of that city for having wasted money in frescoing the walls of the chapel, since the inmates cannot enjoy the decorations.

Effie and Kate.

JOHN J. M'COY.

AT home I was always in the way.

I do not remember the time when somebody was not constantly hinting that my room would be better than my company.

When I was quite small, I used to get away by myself, and think what a pity it was I could not have had some voice in the matter of being born; for certainly I had never asked to come into the world, and I was very sorry I was here.

But now that I had made my advent, there was nothing to do but "grin and bear it," and I did not always find this easy of accomplishment.

My sister Effie was virtual mistress of the household, though her mother's sister, Aunt Judith, was professedly the housekeeper.

Effie's mother had not been my mother, and my father had loved his last wife best—so well and truly, in fact, that when she died in giving me birth, he had taken to his chamber, refusing to be comforted, and in three months afterwards had died.

His property, which was a handsome one, was divided equally between Effie and myself, and Arthur Randolph was our guardian until we came of age.

Arthur Randolph was the son of my father's most treasured friend, and though at the time of my father's death Randolph was abroad no hesitation had been felt in appointing him the guardian of his father's friend's children.

Effie was four years my senior, and one of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen.

Her hair was gold, her eyes blue as the summer heavens, her teeth pearls, her complexion roses and lilies, if one might credit the ravings of her many and devoted admirers.

She was twenty-two, and in full possession of her share of the property and such lovely dresses as she had you never saw. The sight of the shimmering silks and the cobweb laces fairly set my girlish heart wild with envy, and Aunt Judith called me a vain, worldly thing, and wondered where I expected to go when I died.

Judith was a woman very much inclined to preaching sermons and pointing morals, and such people are beautifully good and nice, but awful, awful dull; and I always went to sleep right in the midst of Aunt's most pathetic discourses, and was stigmatized by the whole family as a little Hottentot.

Whenever I looked in the glass I was angry with myself for being so unlike beautiful Effie.

My skin was brown, my cheeks "vulgarly red"—that was the way aunt put it—my eyes were brown, my hair almost black, and so full of crinkles that the comb or brush that was able to go through it without collapsing had not been discovered.

I ran terribly wild, so far as education and accomplishments were concerned.

I hated a piano.

It is dreadful, I think, to sit two or three hours a day on a hard, creaking stool, drumming on slippery pieces of ivory, and I would not do it.

I could sing wonderfully, the music master said, but I did most of my singing for the benefit of the birds in the forest, and for little Bess, the grey cat, which I kept always with me.

Aunt said that if any more evidence of my total depravity were needed, it was furnished in my attachment to that dreadful cat.

No young lady who was anything, she averred, ever made a pet of a cat.

But Bess and I were the best of friends, and Bess espoused my cause warmly, and would scratch aunt whenever the opportunity offered, and hiss at Effie if but her dress swept against her, and I was wicked enough to love the little furry sinner all the better for her depravity.

When there was company I was always kept back, though, to tell the truth, I had no desire to be brought forward.

What did I care about the gay crowd around my brilliant sister?

I had no diamonds, and silk dresses, and Paris flummeries, to flaunt in anybody's face.

But I did use to solace myself with thinking that when I came of age I would get up such gorgeous toilets as would surprise them all, and strike them dumb with envy.

Effie had such circles of admirers, and so many offers of marriage, that it was a wonder she had reached two-and-twenty without being engaged.

But it seemed from a conversation I overheard between her and aunt, that she was waiting for Arthur Randolph.

"I am so glad he is coming at last," said aunt, folding up the letter she had been reading with a sight of relief, "for really dear, it is time you were engaged. You have been out three seasons already, and that tiresome Kate will be wanting to make her debut by next winter. And Arthur Randolph is just splendid! And with a cool hundred thousand! The very man I should have selected for you out of all the world, dear."

"But suppose he should not fancy me, dear aunt?"

"Nonsense, my love! He is a man, and men love beauty as birds love air and sunshine? And I shall not fail to do my part."

I stole away too indignant to hear anything more, and the next day Mr. Randolph arrived.

I peeped through the blinds, and saw him come up the drive—Bess and I.

He was "just splendid," as aunt had said, and I couldn't help wishing that I had golden hair, and a rose and lily face, and beautiful dresses, like Effie.

He had been there two days when I first met him, and then it was altogether by accident.

Bess and I were out in the wood, hunting trailing arbutus, and Mr. Randolph came across our path with his gun.

He had a dog, and Bess hated dogs, and there was a fight, and I laid about me with a stick, and Bess climbed a tree, and the dog slunk away, and Mr. Randolph laughed.

"Well," said he, "I like a woman of spirit! Suppose we introduce ourselves to each other, seeing as there is no one else to perform that ceremony. I am Arthur Randolph. Who are you?"

"I am Kate Eastfield, and this is my cat, Bess, at your service."

He took off his hat and bowed, first to me and then to Bess, who, very much bristled up, was sitting sullenly on a limb overhead.

Then we both laughed, and he fell to talking, and sat down on the stile, and put the arbutus blossoms in good order, and Bess descended from her perch and sat at our feet.

And then we went home together, and I had my hat in my hand and some evergreen round my head, and Aunt and Effie were "raging" that night after we went upstairs; but what did I care?

After that I used to see Mr. Randolph nearly every day.

I don't know how it happened, but he always seemed to be handy whenever I went out; and if he joined me, as he sometimes did, Effie and aunt nearly took the hair off my head when I got back with their scolding.

One day he and Effie went out sailing on the pond.

There was another lady, Miss More, Effie's own particular favorite, and I was very miserable, though I am sure I don't know why I should have been, and I went out and hid myself in the hazel bushes on the shore of the pond, and cried and watched the boat.

All of which, I know, was very unladylike and wrong.

By-and-by there came up a shower, and the wind blew, and the ladies screamed, and the boat capsized, and they were all struggling in the water.

I flew to where my own little boat, the "Clipper," was tied, unloosened her, and took the oars.

If I couldn't play on the piano I could row a boat with the best of them, and in a few moments I had reached the capsized party.

Mr. Randolph had h s hands full with the two girls, who were screaming and kicking dreadfully.

Why do girls scream so when anything happens?

It is enough to drive a man frantic.

"Bring them here!" I shouted. "Two women are too much for one man on land or sea."

"You are right" he shouted back, and by a good deal of exertion he got them into the boat.

Then I rowed ashore, and he swam beside the "Clipper."

Effie declared she could not stand—you see she wanted Mr. Randolph to carry her—but I whispered to her that the water had washed every bit of that delightful lily bloom from her face, and she could stand alone just as well as I could in a minute, and put her overskirt over her head—to prevent her taking cold after the immersion.

That night I went out to pick some strawberries. Mr. Randolph came and helped me.

"Kate," said he, when we had got the basin full, "I came to Eastfield on purpose to get my wife. Your father promised me his little girl years and years ago."

"Did he?" said I, feeling the tears stealing into my voice in spite of myself. "Well, I dare say Effie would like it."

"Will she? and how will Kate like it? Will she love me as a brother?"

"No!" said I, indignantly, "I should hate you! So there!" and I tried to tear myself away from the firm yet gentle hand that held me.

"But as your husband, dearest Kate, could you not love me in that character? When your father promised me his daughter, he said his little girl Kate. Will you love me Kate?"

"I will try," I told him; "but I shall have to try very hard," which was a story. I had been doing it for some time, so I knew.

Effie and aunt scolded me frightfully, but I bore it like a saint.

Mr. Goldhurst, the millionaire, proposed to Effie the next day, and she accepted him.

Her diamonds cost a great deal more than mine, but all the jewels in the world would not buy from me my husband's love.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If enroute to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transfered from Hotel to this Depot, FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first class hotel in the city.

HIS LAST BILL.

She brought him up 'fore judge and jury.
And swore he waxed, whene'er she craved
A little cash, a perfect fury,
And like a madman stamped and raved.
But, since she was his wife, she wanted
At least an "X" or so per week.
Her lawyer prayed: "Let this be granted."

Then came the husband's turn to speak.
He swore that she was quite unthrifty,
And in her spending showed no sense,
While he was frugal, carnal, shifty.
At this she'd sneer and take offence,
And cash from all the neighbors borrow.
His last bill she'd grabbed that day.
"But there's one left I'd never sorrow
How soon she'd snatch and slip away,
To see her grasp it now I'm aching,
And stand all ready to endorse—
This bill I'd like to see her raking
In, is what they call divorce."

—WM. MACKINTOSH.

Humorous.

Too much of a man of cuffs and collars—from the street vagrant's point of view—The policeman.

A circus poster may not be particularly aristocratic, but when you find one it is generally stuck up.

"I remain yours truly," as the prisoner wrote to the turkey after an ineffectual attempt to break jail.

Why is I, of all the vowels, most likely to go to heaven? Because E is in hell, and all the rest are in purgatory.

A man is going to have his name stamped upon fifty billion toothpicks. That man's name will be in everybody's mouth.

As they passed a gentleman whose optics were terribly on the bias, little Dot said: "Ma, he's got one eye that don't go."

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C. C. Shayne, the well-known Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince St., New York, will sell elegant Fur Garments at retail at cash wholesale prices this season. This will afford a splendid opportunity to purchase strictly reliable Furs direct from manufacturer, and save retailer's profits. Fashion Book mailed Free.

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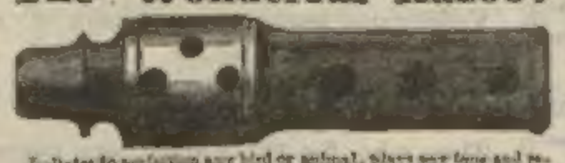

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MAGAZINES.

The October number of *Outing* the magazine devoted to bycycling and open air matters, is of marked interest in general, but of particular attractiveness to Philadelphia. The leading article illustrated is On and Off the Lancaster Pike, a paper filled with information, pictures and reminiscences. Another local matter touched upon is Cricket in America by Geo. M. Newhall of the Germantown Club. These however are only a few of the good things contained in the number. Frank D. Sherman, Maurice Thompson, F. A. Ober, and others have charming articles upon timely outdoor topics. Outing may well consider itself the ideal magazine for those interested in its particular specialties. Published at 175 Tremont St., Boston. Price 20 cents per number. $2.00 per year.

Arthur's Home Magazine has the following contents for October: Frontispiece: Listening to the birds; The Roof of the World, illustrated; Sponges and Sponge-Fishing, illustrated; Sunrise, illustrated; Sunset, illustrated; An Echo from the Old Piano, illustrated; Faithful as a Dog; An October Night; Viola: A Festival Story, illustrated; Turning the Tables Artistically; Did She Do Right?; Baby's Dead; How Women Can Earn Money; Boys' and Girls' Treasury, illustrated; and the various departments. Arthur & Son, Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa. Terms $2.00 per year.

Cassell's Family Magazine for October is a storehouse of amusement and interesting information. Mr. Harwood's serial, Within the Clasp, a story of the Yorkshire jet hunters, has reached its fortieth chapter, and gives an exciting situation; and the story of John Ford is continued. A Word about Disinfectants, is apropos of recent cholera scares. The Hon. P. Carteret Hill, formerly Premier of the Province of Nova Scotia, gives some more of his impressions of England, as well as a handful of impressions of the United States. The art of soup-making is discussed by Lizzie Heritage, and the Rev. A. H. Malan continues his papers on amateur photography. Exeter, New Hampshire, is picturesquely described; and the Family Doctor continues his valuable and reassuring Talks with my Patients. The subject of Thought Transference, is investigated by Geo. D. Day. The short stories of this number are Discovered in Time, by the author of Sylvia, and La Filoucla by the author of Mr. Kewthorpe's Accident. The poetry of the number is very pretty, and there is a graceful song set to music by E. Burrit. Altogether, Cassell's Family Magazine is crowded with good things. Cassell's & Co. (Limited), New York. $1.50 per year.

The Magazine of Art for October contains six full-page engraving in the best style of the wood engravers' art. The frontispiece is from a painting by W. Q. Orchardson recently exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery. It is called The Farmers Daughter and is in his most attractive manner. The next page plate is a homely scene. The Rival Grandfathers, from the painting by J. R. Reid. Lionardo's famous head of Christ is reproduced in fac-simile from the original in the Brera, and is of itself worth the price of a year's subscription. There are pictures occasionally published which it is hard for the general public to understand, but the language of this portrait is unmistakable; it appeals to every one. His Eminence's Birthday, from the painting by Frappa is of a very different class. It amuses us and that is something to be thankful for. Feuerstein's touching picture Alsatian Pilgrims; and The Minister's Garden by Cecil Lawson complete the list of more important subjects of this number. The reading matter of the number is instructive and entertaining and profusely illustrated. The Magazine of Art has more than earned the name of the leading Art Magazine in America. Cassell & Co. New York. Subscription $3.50 a year.

The *North American Review* for October is notable as well for the importance of the topics treated, as for the eminence of its writers. The leading article, Moral Character in Politics, is by President J. H. Seelye whose exposition of the ethical principles involved in the popular election of candidates to high station in the Government commends the attention of every right-minded citizen. Benefits of the Tariff System, a sequel to the article in the September number on the Evils of the Tariff System, is a symposium consisting of three articles, written respectively by John Roach, Prof. R. E. Thompson, and Nelson Dingley, Jr., who advocate the policy of protection of American industries with great ingenuity of reasoning and abundant citations of statistical facts. In addition to these most timely discussions of high political issues, the review has an article by the Rev. Dr. Augustus Jessop, entitled, Why I wish to Visit America; The Philosophy of Conversion, by Dr. O. B. Frothingham; The Origin of Yellow Fever, by Dr. C. Crighton; Shall the Jury System be Abolished?" by Judge Robert Y. Hayne, The Genesis of Tennyson's Maud, by Richard Herne Shepherd; and The Developement of Machine Guns, by Lieut. C. Sleeman. The North American Review, New York.

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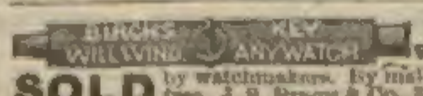

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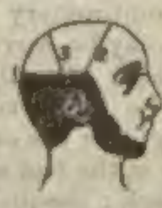

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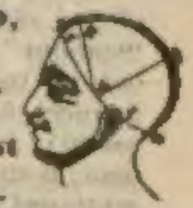

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

STRIPES are to be just now the novelty of novelties. Not perpendicular stripes, either, though they, too, will have their share, and a large one, of favor; but horizontal stripes—stripes running round and round the feminine skirt like the hoops on a barrel.

Very bad will this be for the little woman, and particularly for the short little woman, and, if well advised, they will leave this phase of fashion severely alone, for others to test.

As to the others, the tall and light women, they may not object.

The effect of the horizontal stripes is newer, radically, than anything brought out recently, and that it is rather bizarre and startling will be more of a recommendation than otherwise in the eyes of so many.

At the present moment the striped material of which the greatest use is made abroad is known as "skirting," and has satiny bars, of various widths, which are arranged to run crosswise of the dress.

In many cases the stripes on various stuffs are very broad, and the combination of colors decidedly bold. But there are an infinity of more delicately graded stripes for the lovers of quiet things, of course.

Pale-tinted cashmeres with velvet stripes of a dark and rich contrasting hue, often outlined with slender multi-colored threads are among the most exquisite of the new striped goods, and make very handsome skirts, plain and ornamental, for tunics and bodices of cashmere matching the grounding.

No prettier costume could be found for the autumn months.

A light shade of "cigar," one of the palest new browns, may be chosen with a real stripe, or a deep ecru with garnet, or gray with a Russian green stripe.

A very stylish way of making is with the overdress plaited in front to the bottom of a long cuirass shaped bodice, and draped away with the point falling to the left over the plain petticoat.

The bodice closes straight down the front to below the bust, and then curves off toward the left hip, and a band of the velvet, some two inches and a half in width, defines the line.

The back drapery is doubled under on the bias, is very short on the right side, and then caught in broken waves, the left side hanging long and perfectly straight.

This fancy for irregularly draped backs grows constantly more defined. It is rather the exception than the rule to see a French imported costume at present which does not show this peculiarity; and the one straight side with the opposite one caught up in loops or covered with "coquilles" of lace (if the toilet be a dressy one in the composition of which lace enters) is of frequent occurrence.

As an example of the latter style: Toilet of red ottoman and ecru embroidery on "etamine" (the same idea may be carried out in red and black lace; Chantilly flounces, for instance, could be found very useful); front of embroidery over the ottoman; flounce of embroidery at the foot and continued all around the back; basque of ottoman with chemisette of ecru embroidered net showing in a deep-pointed opening, beneath which the fronts are crossed, with the right side brought over and fastened on the left hip; from this side the long tunic is draped over the edge of the bodice to the right side, and in the back forms three straight, long plaits; up the left side, next to these plaits, is a great jabot formed of a deep flounce of embroidered net; the sleeves have the transparent ecru fabric set in a deep point on the outside of the arm, with the ottoman cut away underneath; full, foamy frills of lace falling over the elbow.

The bodice crossed, closed diagonally over against the left hips, variously draped in blouse fashion, and ornamented with plastrons, bouffant and others, though the full Moliere or Fedora plastrons are on the destine, and the manifold jackets with vests that are expected to come in for so great a share of popularity the coming season will continue to push the plain jersey bodice more from the field.

Serge effects are largely represented in the new wool goods, the mohairs and the cheviots and others.

And plain, substantial, serviceable serge itself again lays claim to favorable acceptance, made up into fatigue suits and traveling dresses for the autumn and trimmed with black wool galloon—the old Hercules braid.

Dark blue serge, for instance, may be made up with a plain skirt, round which seven or nine rows of black braid, one inch and a half in width, are set.

The lower row may also be broader, if that is preferred, and the other rows graduated up in decreasing widths.

The tunic may be rounded in front, short, and trimmed with two or three narrower rows of braid.

In the back it may form a very slightly draped, rather pointed breadth, which falls off to the left.

The bodice might be strapped across from slightly below the neck to the waist-line with rows of braid finishing in drops on either end, and at the neck and below the waist there would be a full puff of black surah, giving the effect of a full vest, showing top and bottom.

The back would be a plaited postilion. A jacket with the turnover collar, and the cuffs, covered with braid, and opening over a plain serge vest, might be better liked by some.

With a high-crowned hat of dark blue felt, narrow brimmed behind, with great knots of blue velvet mixed with black wings piled up directly in the front, this suit would be stylish and immensely useful for the coming two or three months.

Serge has been a good deal liked in white for seaside and mountain suits of a dressy description, and for watering-place toilets during this past season abroad.

And it may be recommended now, for that ever-increasing number of people who pass the autumn months out of town, as most effective and serviceable for the afternoon and evening at a country place, and for occasions when something light and yet not too dressy is desirable.

These white serge costumes are prettiest when trimmed with colored velvet.

Black, red, "iron rust," garnet, sapphire blue, seal, Russian or moss green are alike nice for the purpose.

One new model of a white serge suit, trimmed with green moss velvet, is so unusual and original that we cannot forbear transcribing it.

The skirt is full and bound with three rows of velvet near the foot.

It is draped up slightly on the left side in peasant fashion.

The overdress is plaited on the right hip, slants off on the bias to form a point on the middle of the front, and is then draped on the left side in a fashion corresponding with the draping of the underskirt. Three rows of velvet turn this tablier.

The back consists of a breadth of stuff plaited on the bias from left to right, and caught up slightly on the right hip, three bands of velvet running with the plaits here too.

The bodice is unique in its trimming. It has a little shirred drapery down the fronts, narrow at the throat and at the waist.

The drapery on the right side has three rows of velvet, the drapery on the left is plain. Again the deep turned-down collar is trimmed with velvet alone on the left side in front.

On the left side likewise, where the bodice curves up over the hip, is a small rectangular pocket, like a small reticule, and this has three vertical bars of velvet run across it.

This whole model is worth remembering on account of its being so very unhackneyed.

A pretty fashion for autumn evenings is that of skirts of white veiling, accordion plaited over petticoats of white silk, worn with short round basques of colored sicilienne or velvet, which have a deep puff along the edge of the front and sides, and two hollow plaits in the tailor back.

Down the front the basque has little shirred draperies, between which is a flat plastron striped across by bars of silver or gilt braid.

The sleeves have rows of the same braid on the cuffs, and little perpendicular rows also finish the high collar. A long three-inch wide ribbon, white or matching the basque in color, is loosely twisted around the hips, over the puff on the basque, and tied in a flowing knot on the left side.

Fireside Chat.

ANGLO-INDIAN EMBROIDERY.

A NEW and most fascinating kind of embroidery has lately come under my notice, which has the great recommendation of being cheap, effective, and suitable for a great many purposes; this is the so-called Anglo-Indian embroidery.

The materials required are a cotton handkerchief, linen, crewel wools and silks, beads, and tinsel or gold braid or cord.

The foundation of the embroidery is a common cotton handkerchief—one of those gaudy red and yellow ones, which are now, alas, for our embroidery, so seldom seen in our too esthetic shops.

A pattern must be chosen that is bold and distinct, not one that runs about and in and out, and gets merged in another.

The border also must be bold and effective, and, if it is possible to combine all these qualities, the corners must also be distinct and handsome.

The handkerchief must be lined with a piece of stout, but soft, linen sheeting, or some such material. This lining is absolutely necessary to prevent the work from becoming puckered.

This done, the pattern must be studied, to find out the best way of disposing the colors. The outlines of the pattern may be traced in silk chain-stitch, while feather stitch (double or single), herring-bone and button-hole stitch will likewise work in with good effect.

The long, straight lines in the pattern should be worked with the ordinary crewel-stitch; if preferred, an abundant use may be made of the tinsel twist, which is now to be had in a multitude of colors.

In choosing the tinsel, beware of the tempting light blue and pink, they tarnish far more readily than any of the other colors.

A fine gold braid or cord may be used to outline the pattern instead of tinsel, and looks very well.

The tinsel is sewn on with fine black cotton; the needle is not put into the tinsel like braid, but on being drawn out of the work, is put in again the other side of the tinsel, like the process known as "couching" in ecclesiastical embroidery.

The background of the handkerchief should be covered with a neutral tint of crewel wool, and the border with a darker shade of the same color. The wool is only used for the background, and for parts of the pattern that are not very conspicuous. The best way of working the wool is to use it for nothing but French knots, placed so close together that not a vestige of the original handkerchief is to be seen.

This will give an appearance like chenille to the handkerchief.

The real chenille thread used for arrasene embroidery fills up well, but many people are not inclined to spend so much money on the work.

Spots of a bright red look well, dotted over the background, and care should be taken to have a rich dark blue silk, as this works in very handsomely. A few small gilt beads may be judiciously used, and should be sprinkled over the handkerchief among the knots.

The outside border must be button-holed round at the edge, and the rest of it filled in according to the printed design.

The pattern that is traced on the handkerchief will be of great help in choosing the stitch to be used. Very often there are spots and specks on it that decidedly invite the worker to make a knot, or to sew a bead on them, while there is often a border which almost exactly represents a line of feather-stitch, while a thin, black outline is just ready to be braided over with tinsel. When the work is once started this will be better understood.

Whatever mixture of colors is used, it must be borne in mind that if a rich piece of work is required, the background must be entirely covered, expanses of cotton handkerchief showing between the stitches would have a decidedly poor look.

Instead of using a handkerchief a cretonne of a good bold pattern may be be worked over.

A cretonne that has little figures of men and women on it, will make very pretty table mats.

Some of this embroidery that I saw lately was worked over solely and entirely with tinsel of different tints. To my mind, this was not nearly so effective as it would have been if intermingled with silk or wool.

Some workers also prefer to use a greater proportion of wool than silk. The difficulty is to know, first, where to begin the work, and, lastly, after being thoroughly interested in it, to know where to leave off.

The fact is, of course, that one might go on as in painting—touching-up, and touching, and re-touching *ad infinitum*.

The uses to which Anglo-Indian embroidery may be applied are manifold. A corner of a handkerchief can be made up into a very elegant bracket; it should, of course, be lined and edged with a ball fringe, mixed with tinsel.

The border of a handkerchief from one side may be also used as a side bracket. A whole handkerchief, too, is large enough for a small tablecloth, or it may be cut into a tea-cosy, handkerchief sachet, work-basket cover, or table-mats of various sizes and shapes.

When the work is well made up, I have several times seen it taken for real Oriental embroidery, and its rich and attractive appearance renders it particularly useful for presents, or for sale at bazars.

There is another way of working this embroidery, which is equally effective, but more quickly done than that which I have already described.

The foundation is, in this instance, composed of small squares and irregular pieces of silk, satin, or velvet. These are sewn together in patchwork fashion, but without cardboard, until a piece is formed of a shape suitable for the article to be made.

The patchwork is next tacked to a piece of strong but soft holland linen, to form a lining, and to avoid any puckering.

The next thing required is narrow gold or silver, about one-eighth of an inch in width, and this stitched on all over the patchwork, in any fanciful design—the more it curls, twists, and "meanders" about, the better.

The appearance should resemble the plans of a maze or labyrinth more than anything else. Not more than a space measuring an inch in all directions should show of the satin foundation, and even so large an expanse as this should be avoided if possible.

Correspondence.

GEORGE A.—Although there is no copyright in "news," there is a property in stories and sketches.

ANGHARAD.—We could not possibly give any advice unless we knew more of your friend's capabilities, but few people can earn money without some previous training.

WEST P.—John Howard Payne died in 1852. George Eliot died in 1880, and the elder Bulwer Lytton, the novelist, died in 1873. His son, Edward Robert Bulwer Lytton, the poet and diplomatist, whose literary nom de plume is "Owen Meredith," is still living.

PALE.—Good exercise, early rising, well regulated diet, and an abstinence from all alcoholic liquor will impart the ruddiness of vigorous health to the countenance, if anything at all will give it a wholesome bloom. These means far surpass all the cosmetics in the world.

AMELIA.—1 It is not necessary to wear mourning for so distant a relative more than six weeks. 2. Many girls at fifteen years of age are quite small, whilst others have almost attained their full height. 3 From seven to half-past, unless your duties require that you rise earlier.

S. J.—The word "cash" is altogether an English term. It is derived from the Italian, cassa, a chest, in which the Italian merchants kept their money. Accurately speaking, a "cash book" would be a "chest book," and the "cash account," in the ledger would be the "chest account."

READER.—There would be no more impropriety in his doing this, than there would be in his writing the same verses in her album or autograph book. Contributions to these are not always original. Should the gentleman find that the young lady thinks he is the author of the verses, he can without difficulty rectify her mistake.

ANA.—We do not think that borrowers of seaside novels are as careful to return them to their rightful owners as they are books of a superior description, nor does this exactness appear to be required of them. Still it is well to practice it even with regard to these inexpensive productions. We are of opinion that a borrowed book should always be returned.

HONOR.—When black silk becomes greasy looking through wear, we do not know of any way of restoring its appearance. Perhaps your best plan would be to conceal the worst places by means of laying on some kind of trimming. Otherwise, you might re-make a part of the dress by cutting out the worn pieces, and making-up the dress as a combination of cashmere and silk.

ANA.—Dejeuner a la fourchette means literally a breakfast with a fork, and is applied in England to morning and midday meals of light character. 2 The words derange and deranged do not appear in any but the most modern dictionaries. 3 Family comes from the Latin, famulus, a slave. The collective, word familia, from which our word comes, meant the whole of the slaves of a household.

PAULINE D.—In such a case as yours perfect openness with your cousin is essential to your own and your husband's happiness. If these continual visits to your house worry the latter, they should be discontinued; at least, they should be only occasionally made, you should take care never to be alone with your cousin henceforth, till your husband's mind has been completely disabused of the fancy which now troubles him.

POET.—Both forms are usual, and correct in ordinary correspondence. A full signature has generally a better appearance, and when the writer is one of a family, where the same name may be repeated in different branches, her adopting this style may prevent mistake and confusion. Having once adopted a certain style it is advisable to adhere to it, even on ordinary occasions. Of course we do not allude to more important documents, where a signature should never vary.

WINIFRED.—Different constitutions feel the effects of medicine in different ways. With some the effect is prompt; with others it is slow. Besides, no medicine of a mild character, and intended only to work its useful effects by degrees, can possible be supposed to prove efficacious all in a moment. In respect to swellings under the eyes, they may arise from late hours, or over-study, and will generally disappear in a short time with a little rest, and no medicine need be taken in such a case.

IPSEA.—It does not come within the scope of our paper to enter on such a class of religious questions as involve anything like controversy. We advise you, as we have always hitherto done, to remain within the pale of that Christian communion in which you were born, accompanying your parents, and being guided by them in these days of your youth. Leave such questions alone until you reach mature age, studying to serve and please God, according to the light vouchsafed to you.

N. L. J.—We do not see any harm in dancing, but we think you are very wrong to go to dancing classes against the wishes of your husband. However secret you may keep it, he will some day find out where you pass your time, and the discovery will not be pleasant for you. Your friend No. 1 has only met with the fate of those who will have two strings to their bow. Friend No. 2 who is so passionately fond of dancing and dancing classes, ought to have been able to secure a lover among the many partners she has had. As she has failed, let her try what attention to strictly woman's duties will effect. Young men do not often choose their wives from frequenters of dancing rooms.

CLARIE.—Caractacus was one of the ancient British kings. He is supposed to have been a prince of the Trinobantes, and the son of Cunobel n, whose name appears on the coinage of that date, and who was the "Cymbeline" of Shakespeare. The Trinobantes constituted a powerful tribe located in Essex and Middlesex. It was only when those of the northern counties—the Iceni and Brigantes—became the allies of the Roman invaders that the brave Caractacus was driven from his paternal lands, and took refuge in Wales, where the Silures accepted him as their leader. They made their last stand in Shropshire, where their entrenchments may still be seen on a hill called "Caer Caradoc," or the "castle" or "stronghold" of Caradoc, the native name of the Briton. There they fell before the enemy, and Caractacus was basely betrayed by the Brigantes, whose hospitality he had obtained, and sent as a prisoner to Rome. His fame and appearance won the fallen prince the greatest admiration, and Claudius granted him life and liberty. The Roman general who then so far conquered Britain was Ostorius Scapula, A.D. 50.